

# The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Daffodils in the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens at Wisley, Surrey

*E. Heilmann*

In this number:

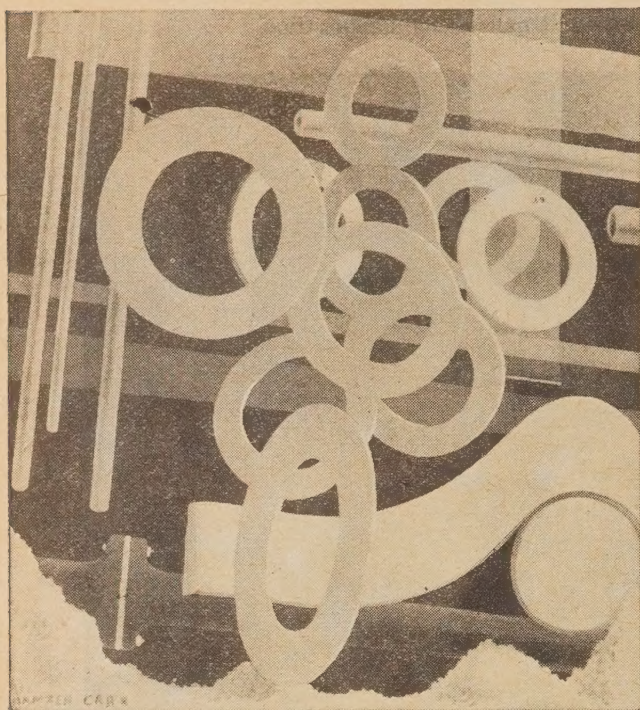
America and the Soviet 'Peace Offensive' (Clifton Utley)

Two Views on Central African Federation

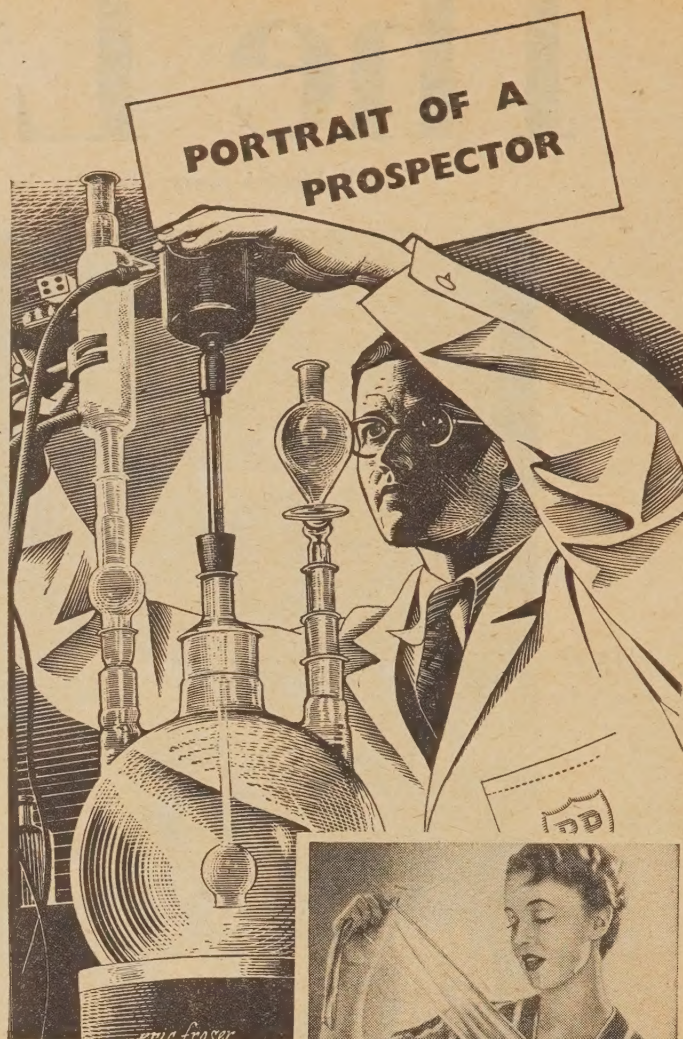
New Poems by Edith Sitwell and Vernon Watkins



## FLUON GASKETS



A CHEMICAL manufacturer in Manchester, making sulphuric acid, found that the packing rings joining two pipes in his plant would not stand up to the highly corrosive action of the boiling acid. As a result, the joint leaked and production had to be interrupted every two weeks whilst new packing rings were fitted. Having tried different types of jointing material without success, the manufacturer asked I.C.I. if they could offer a satisfactory alternative. The problem was referred to I.C.I. Plastics Division, who at that time were engaged in the experimental manufacture of "Fluon"—a fluorine organic compound which is completely resistant to acids, alkalis and solvents. A number of "Fluon" rings made specially by the Division's technical service department were supplied and fitted to the joint. These proved entirely satisfactory. The "Fluon" rings and the joint are still intact today after more than four years of constant use! "Fluon", in the form of valve seats, tape, packings and gaskets made by trade fabricators, is now used by the chemical industry in the manufacture and storage of corrosive liquids.



THOSE WHO GO OUT into the desolate places of the earth in search of oil are not the only prospectors. For the petroleum chemist there are unknown continents to be explored in his laboratory.

Already crude petroleum has yielded chemicals that play an indispensable part in the manufacture of new materials as diverse as plastics, paints, cosmetics and detergents. Oil and water DO mix—in your own home on washing day.

This is but a beginning. The possibilities of petroleum as a source of industrial chemicals are still only partly explored. In the research laboratories of Anglo-Iranian Oil Company new uses are still being discovered for this, one of the world's most versatile minerals.



THE BP SHIELD IS THE SYMBOL OF THE WORLD-WIDE ORGANISATION OF

**Anglo-Iranian Oil Company**

whose products include **BP SUPER**—to Banish Pinking



# The Listener

Vol. XLIX. No. 1258

Thursday April 9 1953

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.  
AS A NEWSPAPER

## CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:		NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK	600
America and the Soviet 'Peace Offensive' (Clifton Utley)	583		
Greenland in the Modern World (Marjorie Findlay)	585		
Two Views on African Federation (Kenneth Bradley and William Clark)	587		
Creating New Towns for Old (Norman MacKenzie)	593		
THE LISTENER:		GARDENING:	
Grand Tour	590	April in the-Garden (P. J. Thrower)	604
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts)	590		
DID YOU HEAR THAT?		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
'Just a Lot of Rubbernecks' (Agnes S. Ingle)	591	From Eric A. Walker, G. E. Assinder, 'Involved', Vernon Holloway, D. Chapman, Horace Dowling, L. A. Glynn, David Buglass, Edward Startup, P. F. Carter-Ruck, Frederick May, and Hubert Butler	605
Booming Rio (Anthony Gishford)	591		
An Upsidedown Bird (John Blackwood)	592	ART:	
The Shop That Sold Fossils (Emma Clifford)	592	The Head and the Symbol (Gerard J. R. Frankl)	608
BIOGRAPHY:		LITERATURE:	
Gogol: Myth and Reality (Ernest Simmons)	595	The Listener's Book Chronicle	609
The Man Beneath the Whiskers (Arthur Calder-Marshall)	602	New Novels (Simon Raven)	613
POEMS:		CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
Afternoon at Home (Richard Murphy)	594	Television (Reginald Pound)	614
The Uprooted (Kenneth Gee); Poem (W. S. Merwin)	603	Broadcast Drama (J. C. Trewin)	615
From 'New Soundings': Sailor, What of the Isles? (Edith Sitwell)		The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong)	615
and The Spring (Vernon Watkins)	607	Broadcast Music (Dyneley Hussey)	615
MISCELLANEOUS:		MUSIC:	
Editing Familiar Letters (Wilmarth Sheldon Lewis)	597	Romantic Melodrama (Alan Frank)	617
My First Novel (Norman Collins)	598	BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE	619
		NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS	619
		CROSSWORD NO. 1,197	619

## America and the Soviet 'Peace Offensive'

By CLIFTON UTLEY

THERE is an air of optimism in the United States today. Partly it is the amazing about-face and the manner in which Russia and the rest of the Communist world is approaching its negotiations with the west—the whole series of things loosely referred to as the Communist peace offensive. And partly it was the word this morning that the extended session of the Panmunjom talks on prisoner-of-war exchanges went very well.

I wish I could say that most persons here had faith that the new talks and the apparently changed Soviet manner will lead to a Korean armistice, and to the settlement of other problems. To say we have faith that this will be the case would be putting the matter too strongly; we have been disappointed too often. But there is certainly daily mounting hope, and people you see on the street, and who right now do not seem to talk about much else, are apt to make some such remark as, 'Well, you can't tell of course, but it certainly looks better than it's looked for a long time'. I am told by some of my friends over from Britain that we Americans talk much more about Korea than do people either in Britain or Europe. I suppose this is the inevitable consequence of the fact that our Korean casualties have now passed 130,000.

One problem constantly raised here is, what happens to taxations, and to our American defence programme, if a Korean armistice is signed? The essential position of the Eisenhower Administration is that Korean truce would not decrease the need for full-scale western defence. But it is a fact that at least one part of the Republican Party rather heavily committed itself to tax

reduction in the 1952 campaign. President Eisenhower has taken the position, not popular with his own party, that present high taxes must not be cut until the national budget is balanced or until a balance is at least in sight, which it certainly is not at the present time. So far the President has effectively maintained this position and held the would-be tax cutters at bay. But in the event of a Korean truce the pressure drastically to cut defence so as to produce a budget balance and thus make tax cuts possible would be extremely strong among Congressmen who will be up for re-election in 1954.

One thing I dare say you will have noted is the increasing degree to which the Eisenhower Administration in its public pronouncements is accepting the French position that Korea and Indo-China are one war. There was a phrase in the March 28 Franco-American *communiqué*, published in Washington at the end of the visit of M. René Mayer, that I think ought to be studied rather carefully. I am referring to the phrase in which France and the United States state that if the Chinese Communist regime should take advantage of a Korean armistice to pursue aggressive war elsewhere in the Far East, such action will have the most serious consequences for the efforts to bring about peace in the world, and would conflict directly with the understanding on which any armistice in Korea would rest.

After M. Mayer's visit, the Eisenhower Administration is now host to German Federal Chancellor Adenauer. His visit, too, is related, if not specifically to Korean events, at least to the Communist world's general peace offensive that was launched with the



proposal to repatriate sick and wounded Korean war prisoners on a voluntary basis. For one of the things that is being increasingly thought about here as the Soviet world peace offensive becomes stronger is this: suppose the Communists agree to a Korean armistice on terms acceptable to the west, and then in the resulting improved world atmosphere suppose they propose a four-power conference to write a German peace treaty. Suppose also in this connection Moscow agrees to free elections throughout Germany and to German unification following these free elections—which of course would mean the creation of a non-Communist government for all Germany and the liquidation of the Soviet east German 'stooge regime'. Suppose Russia attaches only one condition—that this unification be contingent on the future united Germany not joining up with western defence, and specifically with the planned European Defence Community. What would be our American reaction to such a proposal?

### Washington and a Split Germany

I think the immediate instinct in official Washington would be to reject the proposal and say the condition was unacceptable. But then suppose you think a little farther, and realise that in such circumstances we, and not Russia, would appear to be the ones perpetuating the split of Germany, and that no German Government could survive with German public opinion if the price it paid for joining western defence was the perpetuation of an otherwise unnecessary split in Germany.

I asked an American official what he thought we would do if confronted with such a problem, and he answered with the slang expression 'feed it and maybe it'll go away'—meaning, maybe the problem will never arise. But an increasing number here are beginning to realise it is entirely possible we may have to face such a problem. It is being ever more widely recognised in the United States that if the new Soviet regime is willing to pay the extremely high price of permitting German unification and junking the Soviet east German regime, it may then be able to force the United States, and western Europe as well, to negotiate regarding Germany on an entirely new basis. Obviously there is no basis for decisions now as to what our American policy would be if this hypothetical situation should arise. But there are many here who in the light of recent events are coming increasingly to the belief that the situation may not always be as hypothetical. Much thought is being given to the question, and it undoubtedly will play a part in discussions now taking place in Washington with Dr. Adenauer.

From what has been said you will have correctly gathered that most of our American attention in recent weeks has been concentrated on Korea and the rapidly shifting and developing international scene. But there has been one domestic matter, though in its way it, too, has a bearing on foreign policy, that has focused a substantial amount of our public attention. That is the campaign of Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin, a campaign that many are coming to regard as an attack on the Eisenhower administration, though McCarthy would at least publicly deny such a purpose.

Senator McCarthy is a Republican but, though not particularly an isolationist himself, judging from his voting record, he does seem to have been seeking to make himself the leader of the extreme conservative, even reactionary, isolationist wing of the Republican Party. Shortly after President Eisenhower was inaugurated he asked, in his State of the Union message, to be left free from harassing Congressional investigations until he could put in order the administrative house that he had inherited from the Truman regime. Senator McCarthy's reply was immediately to begin a frontal attack on the Voice of America, the State Department's overseas broadcasting service in some ways similar to the BBC's international services. Through the Senate Investigations Subcommittee, of which McCarthy became chairman when the Republican Party took over control of Congress, McCarthy sum-

moned and questioned in public hearings, some of them televised to a nation-wide audience, various members of the 'Voice of America' staff. The import of most of the questioning was that members of the 'Voice' staff were in some cases sympathetic to Communism, charges that many regarded as unjustified and certainly as unproved. At one point Senator McCarthy made much of the fact that Communist writers were from time to time quoted on 'Voice of America' broadcasts. The State Department, in sudden panic, issued a directive forbidding the quotation of such sources, in an effort to appease McCarthy. When the panic wore off a bit the order was, to be sure, rescinded, but the net effect received by the American public was that when McCarthy barked the Eisenhower administration jumped. There were several other incidents that reinforced this impression. And then came the affair of the confirmation of American Ambassador to Russia, Charles Bohlen.

Bohlen is a career man, essentially a civil servant. He was attacked by McCarthy as being identified with the Roosevelt-Truman policies of Yalta and Potsdam, and when McCarthy was once asked if he regarded Bohlen as a security risk McCarthy replied, 'That's putting it much too mildly'. McCarthy has subsequently denied that he feels Bohlen is a security risk. How McCarthy's earlier and later statements on this point can be reconciled I am afraid I shall have to leave to you. Bohlen of course was eventually confirmed by an overwhelming vote. But Senator McCarthy did command the United States Senate to stand still for two weeks time while it debated the whole issue and the Senate did stand still. Also, McCarthy had frontally attacked an appointee who, by President Eisenhower's own statement, was the President's personal choice, because Mr. Eisenhower, who knew Mr. Bohlen personally, felt Mr. Bohlen the best man for the job.

No sooner was the Bohlen affair out of the way than Senator McCarthy in two days' time was up with another headline-snatching manoeuvre. He announced that his Senate Investigations Committee had negotiated an agreement with Greek shipowners whereby the owners of 242 Greek merchant ships undertook not to allow their ships to be used in carrying strategic goods across the Iron Curtain to Communist China. To get maximum publicity, McCarthy announced this action in news conference, and when a correspondent asked him if he had worked with the State Department on this matter, McCarthy said no, that the matter was so delicate he did not want any interference.

### 'Insulting Frontal Attack'

It would be difficult to imagine a more insulting frontal attack on the Eisenhower Administration's most important department—or at least, one of its most important departments. It has been expected, in consequence, that the Eisenhower Administration would take a strong position against the McCarthy action, which was obviously at least an indirect attack on Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, and also in its way an indirect attack on the policies of President Eisenhower. Mr. Harold Stassen, the head of the Economic Co-operation Administration, actually did take McCarthy to task. But President Eisenhower, in a news conference last week, said he did not think Mr. McCarthy had undermined American policy—this was what Mr. Stassen had charged Mr. McCarthy with doing—by his arrangements with Greek shipowners. The President further said that he did not think McCarthy had actually negotiated with the Greeks. Senator McCarthy in a new statement then said that he had not made a formal agreement and therefore had not negotiated—although earlier he specifically said he had negotiated an agreement.

Again there is this puzzling problem of reconciling two McCarthy statements made a few days apart. The administration apparently hopes that its soft answer to Senator McCarthy in the President's news conference will turn away the Wisconsin Senator's wrath. It remains to be seen whether Mr. McCarthy can be thus appeased.

—Home Service



# Greenland in the Modern World

By MARJORIE FINDLAY

A SHORT time ago it was announced that a bill had been laid before the Danish Parliament to make a number of constitutional changes. One of these is that Greenland should be made an integral part of the motherland, and another, that two representatives from Greenland should sit in the Lower House of the Danish Parliament. There are in all less than 24,000 Greenlanders in Greenland, and as they are still a primitive, largely uneducated people, it may come as a surprise to many that Denmark is considering having Greenland represented in the Folketing—and by two members at that.

Greenland is the last of Denmark's colonies and perhaps it is that the mother country, being loth to lose it, too, is anxious to bind it closer to her in this way. Iceland declared herself a separate and independent country during the war, and since the war the Faeroes have unsuccessfully tried to do the same. As a result, the Faeroes have been created a Danish Amt (the Danish equivalent of the French Department). Greenland alone is left as a colony, and Greenland, under Denmark's guidance, elected its first National Council (or Parliament) in the summer of 1951. Now that Council has itself asked, not for independence, but for permission to become an Amt like the Faeroes, and the Danish government has taken the request seriously.

Of what significance is this far-away arctic colony? What importance has it, that the Danish government should consider this somewhat precocious claim to seats in the Danish parliament? These and similar questions I had ample opportunity to consider during my recent stay in Greenland. I was working on geographical research for the Arctic Institute of North America and



A Greenland family from Egedesminde on the west coast

I was able to see the whole of the western coast, which is where most of the people live. And the more I saw of it the more it seemed to me that Greenland as a colony would never be of any great importance. Life here on the edge of the inhabited world is severely limited by geography and climate, and it would be wrong to expect either economic or political independence for the people of Greenland. For an explanation of Denmark's increasing concern for her colony I was driven to look at Greenland's geographical position in the world setting. And there is a different story: trans-polar air routes, meteorological stations, the possibility of arctic warfare, points of contact with Russia—all these seem to bring Greenland's importance into sharp relief.

Greenland is a difficult land to visualise and, to Englishmen at least, more often than not it is associated only with scientific expeditions. As an arctic colony it presents especially sharp contrasts to our own colonies. Greenland is shaped like an isosceles triangle hanging with its apex downward. The ice-cap covers all but a strip of land along the coast. Down the western side it has a mountainous and barren coast with deep fjords and thousands of small islands; and it is here that most of the people live. There are only about 24,000 of them, about as many as live in a small English town—say in Boston, or Winchester. And these people are grouped

nowadays in a dozen separate districts up and down the coast. Every house is perched on its own rock within a stone's throw of the water and most of the houses are built of wood and have only one small room. A whole family lives in this one room. A wooden sleeping platform is their bed and a small, coal stove serves both for heating and for cooking. The room is surprisingly hot. Up to the outbreak of the last war the houses were lit by blubber lamps, but since then the Greenlanders have been able to replace them with paraffin lamps.

The Greenlanders are a primitive Eskimo people who, through the years, have become very much mixed with the Europeans who have visited their coast. Portuguese pearl fishermen, Scottish and Norwegian whalers, explorers and scientists, illicit traders, and Danish administrators have all left their mark, and the population is a mixture of races. For centuries these people have been hunters, following the seals in kayaks, and supplementing seals with bearskins, foxskins, walrus, and birds. But during the past thirty years they have had to adapt themselves to a different occupation. The coastal sea waters have become warmer and the seals have been replaced by shoals of cod-fish. The Greenlanders have had to change their kayaks for rowing boats and their harpoons or rifles for a



Godthaab, the capital of Greenland



long fishing line. They have become, after a fashion, cod fishermen.

In each district the Colony Manager is the most important person. Notice that he is not called a governor, as we would call him if he were in one of our own colonies, but a Manager. For the Danes, from the very beginning, have placed great emphasis on trade. The most important Dane, then, in any settlement is the man who is in charge of buying native products and selling Danish imported supplies and for this reason he is called a Manager. The trade itself has always been a government monopoly.

The question, then, is: has Denmark found any economic advantage in possessing this northern colony and can she expect to make a profit from Greenland in the future? And the answer to both is assuredly not. Every year Greenland represents a loss to Denmark and I cannot see that it can ever be otherwise. The Greenlanders, once they have left their purely primitive hunting culture behind, come to rely on the trading store for all but the fish, birds, and meat that they eat. Every article sent from Denmark to Greenland makes a journey by cargo boat, a journey which lasts on the average ten days, and once arrived in Greenland it may have to make a further journey to an outpost. The price of goods bought in Greenland should include the cost of transport from Denmark. Yet, in fact, goods are no more expensive there than they are in Denmark and some of them have in the past been cheaper. Denmark bears this cost of transport. This may sound unreasonable, but until recently it has been part of Denmark's policy to protect the colony from European influences, and in particular to prevent the hardship that might ensue from fluctuating prices.

But if there is to be a sound economy the people of Greenland must pay for their imports. And the only way they can do this is by exporting something in return. What is there, then, to export from Greenland? Well, there is fish. But the Greenlanders do not fish regularly or with any enthusiasm. They have been given the chance to buy motor boats on easy terms and have a market in the Administration for all the fish they can bring in. But they have not learnt to accept a daily and monotonous round of regular work, and the industry remains undeveloped. One can well sympathise with the Danish Administration for it is very hard to instil a desire to work in a people who do not like work and it seems unlikely that exports of fish would ever cover the cost of imports, even if the fishing industry were rationalised.

There are minerals in the country: in the south-west, cryolite is mined and exported to the United States for use in the manufacture of steel. This is the one really prosperous activity in the country, and the profit from the fifty per cent. of the shares that the Danish Administration owns does something to fill the gap between Greenland's income and expenditure. The minerals that have been discovered further north are yet to be exploited, and, in view of the extremely short summer season for shipping, their future seems uncertain.

Is it, then, philanthropy and a desire to help that makes Denmark so careful of her colony? There is something of the truth in that. Greenland has been under Danish influence for 200 years. Her colonial policy, has, in my opinion, been misguided, and in Danish administrative circles, too, there appear to be some who realise this and have made an effort to change it. The last few years have seen a complete reversal of Danish colonial policy. The Danish policy towards her arctic colony has been to keep the people there as close as possible to their primitive way of life, on the ground that they were unfit to cope with the troubles

that European contacts are bound to bring. In other words, drink and disease would be followed closely by demoralisation and death. When the Danes first landed in Greenland they went as missionaries (that was in 1721). Danish control followed quickly on the missionaries' heels, so that this policy of preventing contacts with Europe has been followed for 200 years. The country has been closed and only Danish administrative officials and authorised scientists have been allowed in.

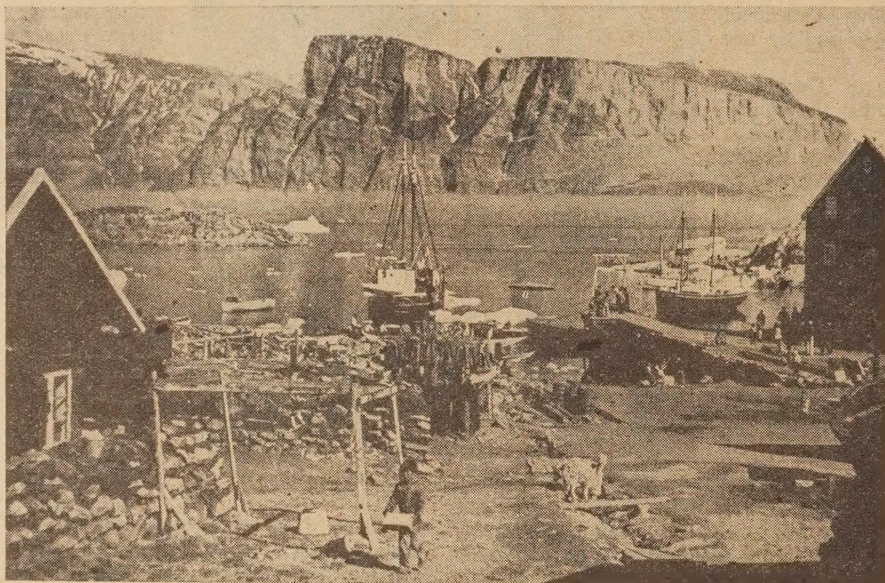
But it is really impossible to isolate any people for ever, however remote their corner of the earth may be. The new Danish policy would seem at last to have acknowledged this fact, for they are now forging ahead with projects to modernise the country. It all started with the war. During the war, while Denmark was occupied by Germany and was cut off from her colony, Greenland got her supplies from Canada and the United States. Little by little, a few ideas seeped through to Greenland from the outer world. Supplies were better, and at the end of the war Greenland was by no means happy to be cut off again from America and to return to her isolation. Her dismay was expressed by a commission of prominent Greenlanders and Danes who went from Greenland to Copenhagen to ask for the first steps towards freedom and

self government, and the whole subject was brought into the public light. The Danish Government finally made its long overdue decision to begin a programme for Greenland's development and modernisation. Since then, Greenland has got all the main institutions of a modern democracy. The Administration has also begun an extensive building programme. Up and down the coast in the short summer one sees Danish workmen busy on building and Danish civil servants going about their new occupations, and the big ships coming into the bay with more workmen, engineers, and inspectors.

It is as though some mighty expansion of trade were expected and detailed preparation and organisation were required. Yet, as I have said, in my opinion there can be no economic future for Greenland. What can there be that can justify this tremendous expenditure on an island containing little more than 20,000 people, an expenditure that can never be repaid, and what can there be to justify the sympathetic way the Danes are receiving the request that Greenland be represented in the Danish parliament, when the people of Greenland know nothing of Europe and when most of them speak no European language?

It is impossible for me to know what is in the minds of the Danish administrators, but there are some signs. The United States is taking an interest in Greenland. The shortest air routes between Europe and America lie across Greenland. Contact between America and Russia might very well lie over Greenland. Along the coast of Greenland the United States has established a chain of bases. The building of the northernmost air base at Thule has been on such a lavish scale that, it is said, administrators in Washington are distressed about the number of dollars being spent. Last autumn a new passenger route was inaugurated.

The first ice breakers which have recently appeared in the waters off Greenland have been American. One of the American naval bases was taken over by Danish naval personnel in 1951, and it has been announced that a number of young Danish conscripts are going to do their military service in eastern Greenland. But compared with what America is spending in Greenland, Denmark, the much smaller mother country, is expending an insignificant amount. The defence of Greenland in her position of world strategic importance is becoming an American concern.—Home Service



The harbour at Umanak, Greenland



# Two Views on Central African Federation

## A Summary of the Facts

THE three territories concerned in the scheme for Central African Federation are Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Southern Rhodesia has a common border to the south and west with the Union of South Africa: Northern Rhodesia is divided from Southern Rhodesia by the Zambesi river, and Nyasaland lies on her north-eastern border. Taken together, the territories have a population of rather more than 6,000,000 people of which about 170,000 are European. All three territories were occupied by the British towards the end of the last century.

Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland are protectorates, under Colonial Office administration. They are predominantly agricultural countries, growing tobacco, maize, tea, and coffee. Northern Rhodesia's prosperity, however, comes from the very rich copper-mines, and the majority of the white people there—about 40,000—live in this area. The tribal organisation of the Protectorates has never been broken up and the local administration is supplied by the chiefs and their councils. The policy of the Colonial Office in these territories has been to advance the Africans towards increased responsibility in political affairs by developing African local government. In Northern Rhodesia over three-quarters of the land is held in trust for the African and protected by the Government against European incursion.

Southern Rhodesia has a larger European population than the Protectorates. A proportion of the land is held by the Africans, in the shape of reserves. The territory has mineral as well as agricultural resources. It is a self-governing Colony and its internal affairs are the responsibility of the Southern Rhodesian Parliament.

The resources of the three territories are complementary to each other, and it has long been generally agreed that the territories would benefit by closer economic association. Disagreement arises over the question of political association. The possibilities were investigated by the Bledisloe Commission in 1939, but the idea of amalgamating the three territories was rejected as being premature. Outright political amalgamation was then, and has ever since been, consistently opposed by African opinion. In 1945 the Central African Council was set up to co-ordinate the economic policy and arrange for common services. This did not involve political fusion. For a number of reasons, this attempt at economic co-operation has not been as successful as was hoped. In 1949, in a private meeting of Europeans from the three territories, it was agreed that political federation rather than amalgamation should be promoted. In 1950 a Committee of officials from Whitehall and the three territories drew up a report on federation, and in 1951 an official conference took place at Victoria Falls, to consider the report. The British Government now made it clear that they favoured some scheme of federation, based on common economic interests, provided it gave adequate safeguards for Africans' rights and political aspirations. The Government also insisted that the Protectorate-status of the two northern territories should be preserved, and that land, political advancement, and all other matters, such as African education, which closely affect the African people remain matters for the territories to deal with, and not for the federal government. At the beginning of this year, concrete proposals for federation were agreed on at a conference in London by European representatives of the three territories and the British Government. There has been African opposition to federation from 1949, when the first meeting of Europeans took place to discuss it.

The Government has recently issued a White Paper on the federal scheme. The proposals in it are to be submitted to a plebiscite of the voters of Southern Rhodesia in April. The main heads of the proposals are that a federal government will be set up in Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia. It will have an executive responsible to a federal assembly, which will consist of twenty-six elected members (fourteen from Southern Rhodesia and twelve from the Protectorates), six specially elected African members, and three European members representing African interests. It will deal with a number of economic, financial, social and other questions (which are common to all territories), but legislation on trade unions, African land rights, and political advancement remain the responsibility of the particular terri-

torial legislatures. Six members of the legislature, including three Africans, will compose an African Affairs Board, to protect the interests of Africans. The board would have the right to ask that legislation differentiating between Europeans and Africans should be referred to a Secretary of State in London, who will have the duty of protecting the interests of Africans generally.

The scheme is to remain unaltered for two years, and is to be reviewed then by the governments of the territories concerned, who can, if they wish, forward recommendations for its amendment to the British Government.

## The Case Against Federation

By WILLIAM CLARK

YOU HAVE HEARD now some of the details of a very complicated political plan for three countries far away in the southern half of Africa. It may seem a difficult and distant problem, but it concerns every one of us deeply and personally. All of us are proud of the achievement of the British Commonwealth; all of us know that never before in history has there been an association like this in which Canadians, Indians, Australians, Africans feel they are partners. But it is an association which depends absolutely on a real feeling of partnership between men and women of different races and religions and outlooks.

Antagonism and hostility between the races which make the Commonwealth could bring the whole structure crashing down in ruins, and this great British experiment in building a better world would be lost. We have had several examples in Africa recently of what occurs when there is hostility between the Europeans—that is, the white people—and the native Africans. There have been race riots in the Union of South Africa, and there have been the Mau Mau terrorist activities in Kenya. That sort of terrorism is the price we pay for a failure in race relations, even a failure, as in Kenya, where there have been very good intentions indeed.

In making up my mind about this project for Federation in Central Africa, I tried to keep this picture before my eye: the picture of the great Commonwealth spread over the continents and also the picture of the trial it is undergoing in Africa. For I feel sure that it is in Africa, where change is coming so rapidly, that our Commonwealth idea is on trial. If we fail to solve the problem of partnership between the races there, where it is so difficult, I believe the whole experiment of a Commonwealth of many equal races will gradually fail and disastrously collapse.

It is for these very grave reasons that I have become so concerned about this project for Central African Federation, even though I am in no sense an African expert. Obviously, the creation of a new state—and that is what federation means—in the middle of the continent, is a tremendously important event. It does not need an expert to see that African opinion is almost unanimously opposed to the project for uniting Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia with Southern Rhodesia. Their opposition, the opposition of about 6,000,000 people, has been expressed for the past four or five years, in every way that is open to them. It has been made clear by all the African councils set up in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia. When the Africans were asked to come and discuss plans for federation in 1951, their representatives absolutely refused to do so because they said Africans were wholly opposed to *any* plan for federation. Just recently the chiefs, the traditional leaders of Nyasaland, came to London to beg the Government not to impose federation on their unwilling people. The Bishop of Nyasaland, after travelling around his diocese, said recently that he could not find a single African who favoured federation, and he had never known Africans so strong in their opposition to anything.

The meaning of this is plain: if the present plan for federation is to go forward it will have to be imposed by the white population numbering about 170,000 on 6,000,000 Africans. It is this aspect of the affair which has worried so many people in this country. Last year the British Council of Churches passed a resolution putting on record its opposition



as a Christian group of all denominations, its deep opposition to any attempt to force unwilling Africans to accept a new state. In the last few weeks the Archbishop of Canterbury and the leaders of the Methodist and Scottish Churches have expressed their uneasiness at the failure to win over African opinion. And, of course, as you know there is strong political opposition in this country to forcing federation on the Africans.

You will hear it said that Africans do not understand federation, and their opposition should therefore be ignored. But it does not need any deep knowledge of political affairs for an African to see the disadvantages of the present plan. Look at it for a moment from the African point of view. They fear that federation will mean permanent domination by a few white settlers, and an end to their hopes of gradual political advancement under the control of the Colonial Office. For the Africans, federation seems to be a scheme by which the white settlers would get full control of the territories and free themselves from the restraints that we, here in Britain, have always imposed in protected territories where it is laid down that the interests of the native inhabitants must come first. What Africans are opposed to is any scheme which places them more completely under the power of the local white settlers.

The people who support federation say that these fears are quite unfounded, and that the object of the Federal Plan is a partnership between the races for the benefit of both. But how can anyone hope to convince intelligent Africans that this is a plan for partnership between the races when there was absolutely no partnership in drawing up the plan? For all practical purposes the federation plan was discussed, devised, and drawn up entirely by white settlers and white officials. Only when the plan was more or less complete did anyone turn to the people whose future they were discussing and ask for their comments. The African comment was perfectly clear. They repeated their earlier protest against federation and their loyal demand that they should remain under the control and protection of the Colonial Office, of the Crown, and ultimately of the British people. This was simply disregarded and the final plan for federation has been drawn up in the teeth of African opposition. Does that sound like the basis for a partnership between the races. Is it not more like the beginning of a cruel struggle between white and black?

At present the Africans are being told that in spite of their opposition to this plan it is going to be pushed through because it is alleged to be for their own good. They have been told there are safeguards for African interests in the Constitution, and that federation will bring them great economic advantages. These arguments have not budged Africans an inch from their opposition. And I must say that after I had examined these proposals carefully I felt that if I were an African I would not be the least bit impressed. Take the safeguards of African interests first. I believe they were inserted in good faith by our Government, but what intelligent African living on the frontiers of the Union of South Africa is going to believe in legalistic safeguards written into the Constitution, when in the Union a few miles away an election is being fought with Dr. Malan's Government claiming the right to abolish these very safeguards for Africans we entrenched in their constitution, when they federated?

It is our duty here in Britain to examine this plan and to see if it really protects the interests of the Africans not merely now but in the future. Today there are few Africans with political training, but if our education continues there will be more. What provision is there in the constitution that would make sure that more and more Africans are associated with the government of their country?

It is just here that this plan for federation is most inadequate. For it places the political future of the Africans entirely in the hands of the white settlers, as far as the Federal Government is concerned. The Federal Assembly is to consist of thirty-five members, of these twenty-nine will be Europeans and six will be Africans, one for each 1,000,000 Africans. Any change in the constitution, any attempt, for instance, to increase the African representation must be passed by a two-thirds majority of this Assembly—and two-thirds of the Assembly are, in fact, Europeans. Of course the British Government can recommend a change when the constitution is reviewed some years from now, but that recommendation comes to nothing at all unless the white settlers care to enact it.

It is true that the white settlers could decide to increase African political rights even though it would mean sharing the government more equally with Africans. That would, indeed, be true partnership, but when the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia was here visiting London this year he said quite flatly that the whites would run the

federation because, as he put it, 'we are the only people fit to be' in control.

Is it wise to surrender our power to advance African interests to such rulers? Because that is what we are doing, once and for all surrendering our right to interfere, our right to push the Africans forward politically. Of course it is perfectly true that federation could bring economic progress; but there could also be economic progress by closer economic association without political federation, for the three territories are all under the British Crown. We shall risk slowing down economic progress by imposing Federation on a discontented and possibly rebellious people.

Economically and politically the idea of pushing federation through against the opposition of all politically minded Africans is not just unwise: it invites disaster for Britain, for Africa, and for the Commonwealth. It would be a tragic mistake and it would be an unnecessary mistake. Unnecessary because if federation has real merits and is to be founded on racial partnership then I am sure that Africans can be convinced of this. If we rush ahead now with Africans unconvinced, we are running very great risks. We risk ending by our own act the possibility of partnership between the races, we risk strife, open or concealed, we risk growing and bitter African nationalism, and we risk eventually hearing the cry we have already heard in Kenya: 'Drive the white man out of Africa'. That would be stark, unrelieved tragedy.

There is another way. We need not fail. Let us try to win the confidence of Africans for a scheme that is really a partnership between our races. If the plan for hastily imposing federation is abandoned then we can use the time to consult African opinion and draw up a plan with their consent, and at the same time we can ask the white settlers to give some striking proof of their willingness to accept the Africans as partners.

Along that road lies true success, and the building of a great dominion in central Africa, based on the traditional British foundation—the consent of the people.

## The Case for Federation

By KENNETH BRADLEY

FOR MORE THAN twenty-five years I have been very closely associated with the endless and fascinating problems of our colonial administration in Africa and never, in all that time, can I remember any other issue as complex and difficult as this. Nor any other, except, perhaps, the Seretse Khama affair, in which so much of the difficulty has been magnified to the point of unreality, by the passionate sincerity of well-meaning people in this country.

I hope very much that you will not expect me to speak with any passion. We have to come, quite soon, to a decision on a question of great difficulty and of great historical importance. We must be equipped for that decision, and what we need is not emotion, but quiet, objective thinking, based on practical and not theoretical idealism.

First of all, how much agreement is there? All of us, I think, believe that a closer association of the Rhodesias and Nyasaland is desirable. The arguments of history and economics are overwhelming. Let us remind ourselves of some of them. First, history. Almost every one of the great and flourishing states of the Commonwealth today owes its greatness to some form of federation. Canada, Australia, India, South Africa, and Nigeria are all unions or federations. And the process which history has time and again so vindicated, is still going on. The future greatness of Malaya and the British West Indies depends on the successful emergence of federal government. Second, economics: it is agreed that the two Rhodesias and Nyasaland are really one economic area with similar soils and climates, a similar racial composition, complementary resources of minerals and man-power, and, as far as the two Rhodesias are concerned, a common system of communications and, in the Zambesi, a common source of hydro-electric power.

All this is agreed and the controversy which has grown up in this country about federation during the past two years has not turned upon these things at all, but upon the single fact that the Africans are not yet prepared to abandon their traditional opposition to any such proposal. It is true I am sure (unless the tribesmen of Northern Rhodesia have changed a great deal since I lived among them eleven years ago) that at least ninety per cent. of the tribesmen of Northern Rhodesia simply do not understand either what is at stake or what



federation will mean for them as individual persons; but it is also true that the other ten per cent., the politically minded minority with some education, are, as they always are in these countries, far more important than their numbers indicate. To ignore or minimise their influence is to deny the lessons of India and West Africa. Some of them have dreams of a black Central Africa on the Gold Coast model, others, more reasonably, ask for the postponement of federation until they themselves are sufficiently advanced to share its political control with the Europeans on a basis of full equality. This is the point of view which has found a good deal of support over here, and it is one which has a very honourable ancestry. It stems directly from the liberal traditions established for our people by Wesley, Wilberforce, and John Stuart Mill. None of us denies the democratic principle but we have become, I fear, rather sharply divided on its application to primitive people, because here we also feel bound by other principles equally valid and equally powerful—those which are involved in the exercise of leadership: namely, responsibility and vision. Our country owes its greatness to these just as much as it does to liberalism.

### 'We Are Their Trustees'

On the one hand, then, stand those who deny the right of the state to overrule the wishes and the prejudices of the majority of the people, however unfitted they may be to know what is good for them. On the other, stand those who say that these primitive people are not mature and cannot be allowed to prejudice the future of their children and grandchildren. We are their trustees, as we are trustees for our own young, and we must direct their lives with the same sense of responsibility and the same foresight as we direct those of our own families. To allow them to take the wrong path now might be the greatest betrayal of all.

In the face of this very difficult situation those who have drafted the federal scheme have been to the greatest pains to put into it every safeguard that can be devised for protecting all the existing rights of the Africans and their future prospects. Nobody denies this, but those who are fearful are concerned lest constitutional safeguards prove in the long run to be mere scraps of paper. To this, two answers are given. First, that no man can legislate except within the framework of the law. Unless we assume that laws, and the agreements on which laws are based, will in fact be observed, we deny our own civilisation and we contemptuously insult our own kith and kin in Central Africa. The second answer is that to assume that federation must lead to racial domination and oppression is to ignore the facts of the present situation. One such fact is that already in Northern Rhodesia the settlers are in a majority in the Legislature and are in a position virtually to control the decisions of the Executive Council. Colonial Office control has long ago been relaxed. A second fact is that the settlers in the two Protectorates have played a full and willing part in developing the Africans politically as well as in every other way. They have often, within my knowledge, given the administration a lead. The Africans have had reason to thank them in the past, why should they fear them now? And a third fact which is ignored is that the Southern Rhodesian government has done more to foster the economic and social progress of the African than either of the Protectorate governments. Sir Godfrey Huggins' belief in the common role, with a franchise based on education and economic standing rather than upon the colour of a person's skin, may well be accepted in years to come as the only possible political basis for multi-racial societies anywhere in Africa. Two Africans are going to stand for the Southern Rhodesian Parliament at the next election. The only way to abolish racialism is by abolishing race as a political factor.

And last and most important of all, those who believe in Federation would beg you to think carefully of what may happen if this opportunity is missed. History shows that every single plan for federation, starting with the United States and ending with India and Nigeria has been pushed through in the face of some degree of local opposition but it also shows that the achievement of federation always breeds a spirit of unity, as it is doing in India and Nigeria today.

In the economic sphere it has already proved impossible to promote common enterprises in Central Africa without a common legislature to which these enterprises can be held responsible. The greatest need for Central Africa is capital from overseas and from such organisations as the International Bank. If the people of Central Africa do not federate, will that capital be forthcoming? If it is not, neither Southern Rhodesia nor Nyasaland will be able to advance or even stand still. If a slump comes can they even survive? And do not forget

that the prosperity of Northern Rhodesia is entirely dependent on one product—copper. What happens when the price falls? And we should, I suggest, think most carefully of all about the future of race relations. In the past, race relations have always been good in Central Africa: they still are pretty good. Now the Europeans have, in this federal scheme, come forward with an offer of inter-racial partnership and they are proud of having made it. If federation is rejected, that offer will have been rejected. The motives for the rejection may have been good or bad. It does not matter. It will have been rejected. Once this all-important fact is realised, it needs no imagination to see how little hope there may be for race relations in Central Africa if Federation is shelved or not achieved. The white extremists will press for European domination; the black extremists will be encouraged by one victory to resist every measure that does not lead towards their goal of African domination. It is this danger, I think, which has finally convinced so many of us, and the government of this country, that this is the last opportunity that will come for federation, and that it must be seized now, or lost for ever. I have not mentioned the attitude of Southern Rhodesia because that, after all, is their problem and not ours, but if the Referendum there is unfavourable and the plan is killed it will be because the people think that the scales have been weighed too heavily in favour of the Africans and that, too, should give critics food for thought.

And there I must leave it. We are faced with a conflict of principles. It is the old Greek dilemma of conflicting duties, not of a moral right and a moral wrong. Perhaps the deciding factor must after all be what will happen to Central Africa if it does not federate. We must not think only of the risk of temporary disorders. We must think, rather, of the generations to come by whom we shall be judged. I suggest that the lessons of history should be most carefully remembered.

—Home Service

Do travellers ever read travellers' tales or are stay-at-homes their keenest consumers? How many of us enjoy vicariously the hazards of snake- and mosquito-bite for each one that experiences the actuality? Danger viewed from the armchair appeals to the Lucretius in all of us, and therefore Anthony Smith's account of four innocents abroad, entitled *Blind White Fish in Persia* (Allen and Unwin, 16s.), should find an enthusiastic public. They went—a zoologist, a botanist, a soil-chemist, and a geographer—in a Bedford truck to pursue their various studies in out-of-the-way villages in Southern Persia. While one collected wild flowers on the hills, another sampled the earth and noted the crops, and a third mapped the villages, the author explored the underground water courses—*qanats*—which irrigate the land, and collected, with the help of the local inhabitants, specimens of the fauna. The whole adventure seems to have been something between a youthful escapade and a serious scientific expedition, but it had the virtues, rather than the vices, of both. The author displays a gift for vivid and humorous, if sometimes inelegant, writing, and his account would probably have been entertaining had he and his companions explored only the slag-heaps of industrial England. But they chose Persia, a country which seems to inspire good writing. The Persian character makes much the same impact on the English traveller as does the Irish. Conversation is intended to please rather than to inform, a foible illustrated by the following incident.

For seven consecutive days Ahmed, guide, servant and friend to the party, promised to catch for 'Mr. Anthony' a Jerboa in his Jerboa-trap. On the seventh day Mr. Anthony discovered that there was no Jerboa-trap. But Ahmed was not abashed and argued hotly until the Englishman admitted that he had been happy in anticipation for the seven days, whereas his disappointment was short-lived. Ahmed considered that this proved the superiority of the Persian attitude. Mr. Smith's acceptance of this idea may equally prove the excellence of his sympathy and sense of humour. His wit is never cruel: he and his friends suffered much advice before setting out. 'Some facts', he says, 'came from those incredibly hardy women which England seems to produce in such numbers and who tramp over vast countries with constitutions requiring only a handful of dates at sunset'. As to the ineffectual and harassed Persian customs official—'having gone twice round the truck he counted Louis and me with his fingers as if there were many more of us and then hurried back into the building'. There is something in this book for everyone—the making of Persian rugs, a fantastic gazelle-hunt, huge feasts eaten cross-legged and preceded by immense quantities of melons and grapes, and alarming excursions on too-lively stallions. Finally, and in some detail, there is the fascinating exploration of the *qanats*. Sometimes wading, sometimes floating, and armed with a miner's lamp, nets and containers for the fish (neither white nor blind), bats and lizards that he found there, Anthony Smith carried out the original aim of the expedition. But with one eye always on the main purpose he kept the other free to collect impressions of the human and social environment which clearly interested him as much as it will his readers. If it is true that the real purpose of travel is to find oneself, what a pleasant discovery he must have made.



# The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

## Grand Tour

LAST week-end may be said to mark the opening of the tourists' year, and a big year it ought to be. According to the chairman of the Association of British Travel Agents, not only are over 800,000 tourists expected to be coming to this country but—now that the travel allowance has been raised—over a million British tourists are likely to spend their holidays abroad. But is 'tourist' the right word? Many thousands of these holiday-makers will presumably be staying put once they arrive at their destination. To be a tourist surely implies steady movement, rounding the 'sights', hiking from spot to spot, motoring and munching, or viewing the *Aussichtspunkte* with the aid of charabancs. Two hundred years ago tourists were wealthy and leisurely. The 'grand tour' formed part of a young nobleman's education and tourism might even fit a man out for a career as a diplomatist or merchant. But, as Agnes Ingle pointed out in a broadcast talk (an extract from which we publish on the opposite page), tourism then and tourism now are very different. Whereas the eighteenth-century tourists were the elect, the modern tourist is the Hoi Polloi. The word tourist has acquired a pejorative character. To be 'tourist-ridden' is felt to condemn a beauty spot. The smarter guide-books tell their readers how not to be tourists.

And yet . . . when we are very young our ambition is naturally to do things in a way that no one else has ever done them before, to get off the beaten track, somehow or other to break the bank. But as we grow older, the realisation may dawn that if we find a place that nobody else ever goes to, it is a place that nobody in their normal senses would ever want to go to; that if we wish to examine the accessible beauties of art and nature, we must resign ourselves to the fact that other people will be there as well. We recognise too from the solemn principles of economic organisation that to join in a party or a group must inevitably be a cheaper method of holiday-making, that travel agencies perform a useful function, that the cheap little hotel or restaurant that nobody else knows about hardly ever exists. Moreover we are not all of us capable of hiking and if we do not possess a motor car, the modern charabanc is an unquestionable boon. Though it is no longer a novelty, the charabanc continues to grow in popularity and it is indeed remarkable how much can be seen both of one's own country and others with the assistance of these vehicles whose affable, skilful, and often witty drivers are surely among the benefactors of the modern world.

There are necessarily two sides to the picture. For the romantic no doubt it is better to travel hopefully than ever to arrive. The pleasures of losing one's way, of being foot-sore and weary, of collapsing in a bug-ridden bedroom, though some may regard them as masochistic, are not to be despised. The dangers of acquiring a hate for one's fellow tourists in an organised party are no doubt substantial, although it may be argued that if one is not a good mixer, one should not attempt to mix. Also the hurrying tourist without an exceptional visual imagination is likely to retain few of his sensations other than the nature of the beer in Cintra, the coffee in Copenhagen, or the price of a cup of tea in Provence. Yet it is something to 'have been, my lads, and seen, my lads'—a precious memory for the time when touring is beyond us.

## What They Are Saying

### A brighter Easter?

FOR THE FIRST TIME since the war, Easter this year dawned over a divided world in which, in the view of many commentators, events gave some cause for hope, though hope tempered by caution and the necessity for vigilance and no relaxation in western strength.

The latest events which prompted this widespread reaction in the free world were, first, the Chinese proposal for the exchange of sick and wounded prisoners, followed by Mr. Molotov's support for the proposal, broadcast by Moscow radio on April 1. Then, the much publicised announcement from Moscow of a widespread amnesty for certain categories of prisoners—though *Izvestia* added that the Soviet Government would continue to punish severely any 'counter-revolutionary' activity. (On April 4 the Rumanian Communist Government followed suit, and announced a conditional amnesty there). Then, on April 4, came the sensational announcement from Moscow that the doctors arrested in January, whose alleged crimes had, for weeks on end, been the subject of innumerable anti-western and anti-Jewish broadcasts from the Soviet and satellite radios, had been released. The Moscow broadcast revealed that fifteen, and not the previously announced number of nine, doctors had been wrongfully arrested, and that thirteen had been released. (The obvious assumption being that the remaining two had succumbed under the 'inadmissible methods' of obtaining their confessions.) The announcement added that those responsible for using these 'inadmissible methods' of investigation had themselves been arrested.

This extraordinary admission from Moscow about the false confessions was immediately seized upon by numerous western commentators who saw in it a confirmation of the long-held belief in the free world that confessions made by those in prison in the Communist world were worthless. *The New York Times* was quoted as pointing out that Slansky's 'confession' that he had worked for the U.S. intelligence service, the 'confession' of American pilots that they had taken part in germ warfare, and the confessions at the purge trials of the 1930s were among those which must be similarly suspect. The newspaper was quoted as suggesting that these developments might be the external signs of a series of Byzantine intrigues and struggles for power in Moscow. *The New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as suggesting that the whole episode undermined the entire basis of the Soviet police state.

The same newspaper, as well as other American newspapers, were quoted as welcoming the Chinese and Russian *démarche* over Korea, coupled with the more moderate tone of Soviet pronouncements, but as recommending considerable caution, since it might only mean that 'the Soviets' new masters need time to consolidate their power'. *The New York Times* was quoted as saying:

Ever since the time of Lenin, the Soviet strategy has followed a zig-zag course, embracing times of advance and times of retreat. It may well be that Stalin's death and the need for time to consolidate the power of the new rulers have combined with growing Western strength to persuade Moscow that this is a time to retreat. The free world can take advantage of any period of grace that Soviet misconceptions or necessities may offer to complete the projects now under way for unity and strength against the day when the Soviet may consider the time ripe for renewed advance.

From Australia, the *Melbourne Herald* was quoted as saying that, whatever the causes of the change in Communist policy, the democracies—provided they remain alert—have a great deal to gain from this new attitude. And the *Sydney Morning Herald* was quoted as follows:

The world awaits, with fear of disappointment mingled with its hope, the next steps in the rapidly unfolding drama of 1953.

From India the *Hindustan Times* was quoted as follows:

The prospects of peace in Korea have brightened suddenly . . . In the interests of world peace, the Western statesmen must use the opportunity to reach a global settlement if possible with Communist leaders . . . so that peaceful co-existence may become possible.

From France, *Paris-Press* was quoted as emphasising that the Soviet peace moves have come at a moment when Western Europe is on the point of ratifying the European Defence Community Treaty and that the West must have the resolution to proceed with their plans for unity.



# Did You Hear That?

## 'JUST A LOT OF RUBBERNECKS'

'EVEN THE OXFORD DICTIONARY', said AGNES S. INGLE in a Home Service talk, 'which describes a tourist as a person who goes on a tour, puts a sting in the tail by giving the example, "The place is overrun with tourists". And a beauty spot has only to be called "tourist-ridden" to remove it at once from many peoples' programmes.

'In the good, or bad, old days, young men used to do the Grand Tour of Europe, and nobody slightly referred to them as tourists. Admittedly they were a small and select company, and they did not all go to the same place at the same time. For me, if it is a choice of going in a crowd, or not going at all, then give me the crowd. There is no denying that there are disadvantages. You may get an uncongenial neighbour who chatters in and out of season, and who insists on telling you about her prowess in bargaining for a string of beads, while you are trying to concentrate on the wonder of Pisa's leaning tower. I once went in a Chinese bus on a ride to the country. These buses were in those days held together by yards of string and miles of optimism, and so crowded with passengers and their peculiar bundles, that there was hardly room to breathe. "You will get nothing out of that trip but fleas", some of my friends had said. Luckily they were wrong. Even that unpromising and uncomfortable ride had its pleasures. Wedged up against me was a young Chinese student hiker, who unblushingly used me as a guinea-pig on which to practise his English, and among his many cryptic expressions was one which still exists in our family vocabulary. He told me that he was planning to get some kind of holiday work, because his family's finances were low, and he was anxious, as he put it, "to make my grandmother's both ends to meet".

'We tourists are a hurrying crowd, and time is never on our side. I remember being a tourist for a whole day in Moscow. I was crossing Siberia from China to London just before the last war closed that route. In Moscow station the train was going to be given a grand clean, and we had from morning till late in the evening to see the city. Outside the station stood a big bus, with guides, waiting to take us round. Now it is obvious that on such an outing, you can see only externals, and get impressions, but these impressions are none the less vivid because of being superficial. I remember how staggered I was at the unbelievable mixture of magnificence and squalor I saw, at the vast new buildings, the wide squares, and the famous underground. And those contrasts! The women doing such heavy work, coaling trucks and hauling loads for instance, dressed in incredible relics of skirts and blouses, with dirty rags round their heads. And then the elegant orchestra entirely composed of women in long black dresses with chrysanthemums pinned on their shoulders who played in the hotel where we had dinner.

'We tourists stood in the Red Square, looked at the amazing terraced pyramid of red and black marble which is Lenin's tomb, and saw the Kremlin with its great towers and citadels, rising behind the old red wall. "Just a bunch of tourists rubber-necking" as an American in the party said. Indeed, as a tourist, you are lucky if you get a whole day in

one place. An hour is more likely to be your ration of time. And my motto has become, "Use that hour and get your glimpse". I missed seeing pre-war Berlin and Warsaw because I thought this brief hour too little, and so, last summer, when I got the chance of going on a short, conducted tour of Munich, I said "Yes" without hesitation. About twenty-five of us squashed ourselves into a bus. It was a hot afternoon, and I found it hard to flog my attention into admiring the new blocks of flats and shops rising so efficiently from the awful devastation everywhere, to look at the cleared piece of ground on which once stood the Gestapo H.Q., or the house up whose steps went Chamberlain with his umbrella. Then, suddenly, I saw something which jogged me into wideawakeness. At the end of the once beautiful

Maximilian Street there stood, conspicuous amid the surrounding ruins, a tall spire supporting the figure of Peace. Its top gleamed golden in the sunshine, perfect and untouched, one of war's extraordinary survivals'.



Avenida de Rio Branco, Rio de Janeiro. In the background is the harbour, dominated by the Sugar Loaf mountain

## BOOMING RIO

'It was pleasant to leave London on a bleak winter's morning with the prospect of crossing the equator soon after midnight and being in South America next day', said ANTHONY GISHFORD in a Home Service talk. 'At Madrid airport, in the mild sunlight of an autumn afternoon, roses were still in effortless bloom and nobody wore an overcoat. At Dakar, some eight hours later, a heavy, golden moon brooded over the tarmac and the faintly perfumed breeze was welcome. It was hard to remember when I had last felt cold, or even, indeed, what it felt like to feel cold. By dawn we were more than half way across the south Atlantic and we reached Recife, Brazil's nearest point to Africa, in time for a late breakfast. The sun was blazing hot and the air humid and oppressive. I saw red earth, banana trees, palm trees, a little sandy garden with tired-looking flowers. It was quite different from Europe or Africa.

'The beauty of Rio de Janeiro, where we touched down in mid-afternoon, is something people

have been telling me from childhood onward. But the reality transcends reports. It is incredibly beautiful. An agreeable sense of casualness prevailed in the arrival formalities and I was quickly to learn that this is the spirit in which Brazilian life is lived. There can be no greater freedom for ordinary people anywhere. You seem to be able to do pretty much what you like when you like without authority intervening, except for a formidable code of social legislation designed to protect employees from overwork or easy dismissal. To the refugees from one European persecution or another who form the latest generation of immigrants, the blessings of such a libertarian regime outweigh the strangeness of a new and distant land. It seems they also outweigh the impression of brutality and rawness that strikes the newcomer but to which, I was told, one soon becomes insensible. Along the great boulevards cars flash past in a rabid, chromium-plated stream. In the smaller streets trams vainly protest their right of way with a bell like a fire engine's and horrid little buses (called *colectivos*), packed to suffocation, screech round the corners on two wheels. In the food shops' windows rise serried ranks of tins, tier upon tier, to remind one that industrialisation on the American pattern is in the ascendant, though



really to get the measure of it, I understand, you must go to Sao Paolo about 200 miles south of Rio. On the crowded pavements you hear a variety of languages and see every shade of complexion from deepest ebony to palest blonde. Slavery was only finally abolished in Brazil in 1883 and about a third of the population is pure Negro. The Portuguese element has become widely diffused, apart from a limited landed aristocracy surviving from imperial times and rendered impervious by wealth to this latterday rough and tumble.

'There is a building boom in Rio. So quickly are new business premises, new blocks of flats, new hotels going up that in some districts of the city the water supply has failed to keep pace with them, and however luxurious the fittings of your bathroom may be, the bath itself is liable to remain dry for twelve hours or more out of the twenty-four. The luckless tenants can, however, draw comfort from the knowledge that their buildings are some of the most exciting in the world today. A school of modern architects, adapting the basic ideas of the great French architect, Le Corbusier, to local conditions, has flourished exceedingly and is displaying a boldness of creative vision entirely worthy of its master. The work being still in progress, odd contrasts add a slightly oblique air of fantasy to what is already fantastic enough by standards of conventional design. Two-storeyed villas with ornately stuccoed fronts are now sandwiched between proud, simple edifices towering eighteen storeys towards the sky. An occasional tiny shop survives among vast department stores.

'On my last evening I enjoyed the exotic view from the penthouse terrace of one of the Copacabana hotels. A line of breakers traced the crescent of the bay. Beyond was the black hump of the Sugar Loaf mountain. Below, pricked out in gold with moving headlamps, was the waterfront highway, flanked by tall buildings white and still and ethereal under the moon. It was uncomfortable to recollect that the tiny pin-points of light on the dark hill, a quarter of a mile behind us, were from hovels put together of sticks and rags, where electricity and drainage were unknown.

I also found slightly uncomfortable the thought that just beyond the end of the city's farthest tram-lines lay mile upon mile of jungle, ready to creep up and overtake those tall white buildings if man should ever let his barriers down'.

### AN UPSIDEDOWN BIRD

'The nuthatch is a bird of the oak, beech, and elm', said JOHN BLACKWOOD in 'Open Air'. 'If you do not have the good fortune to live near this kind of woodland, the coming month when the trees are still leafless is the best time for you to go out and seek it; because the nuthatch is then conspicuous and noisy.

'Despite the lack of a quarter of an inch in length, the nuthatch looks slightly bigger than a robin. This is because most of the grey-blue length is in the body, head, and neck. Its large beak, large copper-coloured feet, and large claws also emphasise its outlines. It is in the short black-and-white tail that it loses the fraction in length. Its throat is white and its flanks are chestnut but the underside is largely buff. Some of the longer wing feathers have a touch of brown in them, which blends with the grey-blue to produce a dark purple shade, like the colour of dead beech bark. The quieter colours are divided by black bands through the eyes which can remind us of those two good-looking migrants, the wheatear and the red-backed shrike or butcher-bird.

'When a nuthatch arrives in a tree, it shoots straight through the outer twigs and branches to land on the trunk or one of the main limbs. Unlike the woodpeckers and the tree-creeper, the other branch-working birds, it may land facing in any direction because it may run in any direction, downwards, upwards, or round the branch. It runs level with the bark and not with its tail pressed against it, like the other birds, which must work in the growing direction of limb or trunk. When it arrives on the bark with food in its beak it turns downward and fixes the food in a chink in the bark. Legs upright, tail away from the tree, and swinging head and beak from the hips, it hacks a hole in the nut.

'It has at least one more refinement of its capacity to move and work apparently upside down. It can look out from a vertical surface with its body and tail pressed against the surface behind it. It does this simply by raising its head from the downward working position, but when it lands on a tree, beak pointing north-north-west and then flicks round to gaze south-south-east, tail to tree and belly exposed to us below, I wonder if nuthatches are constructed differently from other birds'.

### THE SHOP THAT SOLD FOSSILS

In a West of England Home Service talk EMMA CLIFFORD described how just over 100 years ago the King of Saxony went shopping in Lyme Regis—at a shop that sold fossils.

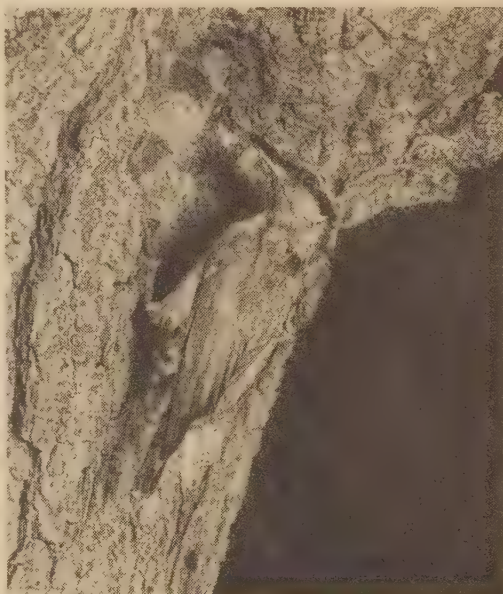
'The King of Saxony' (she said) 'saw some of these in the shop window, and found them interesting. It occurred to him that such curiosities might look well in natural history collections on the Continent. And so he and his doctor, who was travelling with him, went inside to enquire about prices. Before they left the doctor requested a note of the name and address of the shopkeeper. And she herself wrote it down for them in the doctor's pocket-book—just her name, Mary Anning. And when she gave his book back to him, she said: "I am well known throughout the whole of Europe". Miss Anning's shop was in Broad Street, and like many country shops even today was really a small house. And so large was her stock of fossils that they flowed over from the shop into the next room. Miss Anning sold them to amateur and professional scientists, and also to holidaymakers.

'Mary Anning not only sold fossils, she also found them, and extracted them from the cliff and rocks around Charmouth and Lyme Regis. It must have been exhausting work, and sometimes it was dangerous, too. When working on the coast she could be overtaken by the tide. And once she just escaped a fall of rock, and her faithful dog was killed beside her. She generally worked alone. A sturdy figure, carrying a hammer—a necessary tool of her trade—and with a basket—perhaps to hold the smaller fossils. She trudged along the not-very-friendly coast of those wild parts, sensibly dressed in heavy, ungainly clothes. Shy and self-sufficient, unusual in both her trade and her personality, we cannot easily think of a companion for her.

'Occasionally she took some workmen to help her with an unusually heavy piece of work. And at times, when working for long hours, wet and cold, with the tide rising around them, they were amazed at her courage and her endurance. Sometimes geologists or other naturalists went with her on her walks, and she was generous in giving her time and knowledge to them. But in the main—a solitary, withdrawn sort of person—Mary Anning was by herself.

'She was the daughter of a carpenter, Richard Anning of Lyme Regis. And he was accustomed to spend his Sunday leisure on the beach gathering fossils to sell as curiosities to holiday makers. Mary used to go with him when she was a child, and in that way she learnt something of her trade. He died when she was about eleven years old, but she went on collecting fossils, and not long afterwards, in 1811, made her first important discovery. She saw the bones of an ancient monster lying embedded in the marl between Lyme Regis and Charmouth. She traced its position and length with a hammer, and hired men to dig it from the rock. She had found a skeleton of an ichthyosaurus. And it was the first to be found in so complete a condition.

'In 1824 she found an almost complete skeleton of a plesiosaurus. It was purchased from her by the Duke of Buckingham and I believe it is now in the Natural History Museum at Kensington. Four years later, in 1828, she found the first British example of a pterosaur, or flying reptile. And this was described in the transactions of the Geological Society for 1829 by William Buckland, who was the first Professor of Geology at the University of Oxford'.



The nuthatch

Eric Hosking



# Creating New Towns for Old

By NORMAN MacKENZIE

**A** FEW weeks ago I was standing on a bleak hillside in Hertfordshire. There was a spit of snow in the cold wind, but the building workers whom I was watching were carrying on with their jobs. A little way up the road, past the dumps of bricks and sand and scaffold poles, a bulldozer was giving a tow to a removal van whose rear wheels were spinning on a patch of icy mud. Before long the van moved on to the top of the street, and the removal men began to carry furniture into one of the new houses, rows of which stretched away over the brow of the hill. That night, one more family would sleep for the first time in its new home in the new town at Hemel Hempstead.

Every day now scores of London families are moving out of the city into one of the eight new towns which are being built just beyond the Green Belt. Soon after the war, when it was clear to everyone that there was no hope of housing London's surplus population within the metropolis, the New Towns Act of 1946 was passed, which set up special development corporations to plan and build new towns. So far, eight of these corporations have been created in the London area and they have been given the job of providing homes for more than 300,000 people in the next ten years. By the way, there are five more new towns scattered about England, and two others in Scotland.

Not all the new towns are entirely new, of course. Hemel Hempstead, for instance, or Stevenage and Crawley, were small country towns which are to be expanded into self-contained cities of about 60,000 people. Basingstoke, in Essex, is planning to find room for as many as 80,000 in a district that is at present accommodating only 25,000, many of them in small and unplanned pre-war housing developments that lack essential services such as gas, main water, and sewerage. And Harlow, which will also reach 80,000, was little more than a village in the Essex fields when the corporation began its work.

But, despite the differences between them, each of these eight new towns is being built to a plan. Since the war, we have called in the town and country planners to try to stop the endless march of our towns out into the countryside. But these new towns are intended to be something more than vast housing schemes into which people are bundled because they have nowhere else to go. The idea—and it was accepted by all parties—was to create new communities which

would have a life and a personality of their own, which would have their own shopping centres and their own industry, which would, above all, develop their own civic patriotism. We wanted something better than huge, soulless suburbs which would be mere dormitories, sometimes many miles from the places where their inhabitants worked.

I have been visiting these new towns to see what progress has been made, and to see how they are tackling the problems that are bound to arise when you undertake a project on so great a scale. The first

thing that I have to report is that the new towns are well under way. You may have noticed that only last week Mr. Harold MacMillan, the Minister of Housing, opened the 2,000th house in the new town area of Hemel Hempstead.

The development corporations were set up at various times in 1946, '47, and '48, and some people may ask why it has taken so long to get results. The first job of each of these corporations was to draw up a master plan. That took time to do properly, for they not only had to take account of objections by local interests, but they also had to secure the Government's approval of the details. After that they had to allocate building contracts for the houses, construct new roads—over 120 miles of streets so far—and, in most cases, they had to undertake huge engineering works to provide adequate water, drainage, and sewerage. This development work has taken money as well as time: up to last December the eight corporations round London had spent more than £19,000,000 on it. But they had, by the end of last year, spent almost as much on houses, and more than 7,600 of them were already occupied, while another 8,500 were in course of construction.

Building a new community, however, is a much more complicated job than merely building the houses in which the people will live. If those of you who live in a town think

for a moment about your own neighbourhood, you will realise how many services and amenities you take for granted. There is the row of shops down the road; not far away is a department store, a cinema, and perhaps a dance-hall. There are the churches in which you worship and the schools that your children attend. And, of course, there is the local public house, and the football pitch, and the bus service which takes you to work. It is amenities of this kind that tie thousands of people together into a community and make a haphazard collection of



Entrance to Barclay Secondary Modern School, Stevenage. In the foreground is a sculpture by Henry Moore



Shops in Queen's Square, Hemel Hempstead



streets into a distinct neighbourhood. When you build a new town you have to provide such things. Even where some facilities already exist, as in Crawley, Hemel Hempstead, or Stevenage, they cannot cope for long with the flood of newcomers; as things are, the schools and shops and the local cinemas are becoming overcrowded. And where, as at Harlow, everything is being done from scratch, the newcomers are entirely dependent upon the facilities that the development corporation provides, such as the factory building that serves as a temporary cinema.

They are dependent upon their own resources, too. In these new towns you can watch people weaving the web of social contacts that makes all the difference between loneliness and neighbourliness. In one window you see a card inviting anyone interested in a gardening and allotment association to call; another card advertises a music club; a third tells of the formation of a photographic society; a fourth of some amateur dramatics that a group of enthusiasts is getting up. And then there is the fellow who is keen on racing pigeons and wants to meet other fanciers, and, inevitably, there is the chap who is dead set on politics. In this fashion the newcomers make new friends and learn to get along with new neighbours. And in this way, too, they begin to mix with the old residents, some of whom have been none too happy about the transformation of their quiet little towns, and have been ready to expect all sorts of unpleasant consequences. But my impression is that this is a thing of the past, and that as the newcomers bring prosperity as well as vitality, old and new have begun to settle down together.

### Scarcity of Community Buildings

But although it is people who make a community, not bricks and mortar, the bricks and mortar matter. One of the real problems that the development corporations are now facing is the shortage of amenity buildings—halls that can be used for meetings and dances, churches, cinemas, health centres, and other civic premises. Owing to the present restrictions on non-essential building, and owing to a need for financial economy that was not foreseen when the corporations were first set up, these community buildings cannot be provided on the scale or at the speed necessary to keep pace with the growing population. So the newcomers must find makeshift substitutes. In several places a prefabricated hut must serve many purposes: on Sundays, it is a church; on Monday the Scouts have it; on Tuesday, the community association; on Wednesday, a political party; on Thursday it is used by a youth club; there is a whist-drive on Friday, and a dance on Saturday. School buildings are being used, too. But it is the need for schools that raises the second big problem of the new towns. Just after the war there was a sharp increase in the national birth rate, so that now we have what is called a 'population bulge'—an abnormally large number of children of school age. This means that every local education authority is hard put to it to find enough school places, of any kind, let alone build new schools. But, in the new towns, the situation is even worse. Most of the people who are moving out are fairly young. More than half of them in Crawley, for instance, are between twenty-five and forty. Naturally they have a good many small children; and I have seen one estimate that puts the percentage of children in the new towns as high as three times the national average. This means, immediately, an unusually heavy demand for new schools. Later on, as these children grow up, it means that there will be a great many young people looking for work at the same time; and, later still, there will come a point, as they reach the marrying age, when there will be a sudden and heavy call for fresh housing.

Such social problems still lie in the future. At present, there are more urgent things to worry about. It is no use building homes, or meeting halls, or cinemas or schools for people unless they have work; and the new towns were deliberately sited sufficiently far from London to make it almost impossible for a worker to travel into town every day. So the work, if you like to put it that way, has been evacuated with the people. Most of those who are moving into the new towns are employees of factories which have moved with them: the new tenants, for the most part, are volunteers from the London staffs of enterprises which were unable to find sites within London for new or additional premises. So far, so good. More than 1,250,000 square feet of factory space have already been provided by the corporations, most of it within easy walking or cycling distance of the new houses.

But one thing worries the planners, and it seems to worry some of the workers, too. Because these new towns have been built in a period of rearmament, it has been more easy to get permission to build factories for firms with defence orders than for those making non-priority products. So, in these new industrial estates, you have what

many people think is a lack of industrial balance. There are, it is said, too many light engineering works. Should there be a trade setback in this section of industry, there might be serious and concentrated unemployment: the only real insurance against this, as the development corporation officials are well aware, is to get industrial diversity by shifting the emphasis away from engineering.

I have left the biggest problem to last. In the latest annual reports of the corporations, there is a common anxiety about the high rents that the corporations are having to charge for their houses; and, as you go round these new towns, you find that officials and tenants alike talk more about this than any other problem. The rents may run to over £2 a week for a house, and up to £4 for flats, which cost much more to build. For most of the newcomers, this is a very large slice of their weekly wage. The reason for this, of course, is that building costs have gone up steeply, and the increased rate of interest on borrowed money has added to the financial worries of the corporations. Everyone who is building houses feels this pressure. But, unlike local authorities, the development corporations are subject to the Rent Restriction Acts, and so, from the start, they have to charge the full economic rent, less the Treasury subsidy. This means that each house must be let at a rent which covers its cost, plus its contribution to the general overhead expenses of building roads, sewers, and water mains.

It is quite clear to anyone who studies this problem that there is no easy or obvious answer. I can only report that it is troubling everyone in any way concerned in this fine social experiment. For each corporation is bound to pay its way, and rising costs are making this almost impossible. And while rents and costs continue to rise, it is hard for the corporations to find the money to build those all-important community buildings that I was talking about a few moments ago. Yet, despite these difficulties, the houses go up, the moving vans and the people stream in. The newcomers that I have talked to are happy in their new homes, though almost all of them have found the move a financial strain, for apart from the rents they must pay, many have had to buy a good deal of new furniture, carpeting, and curtains, for many have never had a home of their own before. But most of them seem to take the problems they face in their stride, as if they realise that they are taking part in the biggest effort we have yet made in Britain to create new towns for old, and relieve the congestion in our overcrowded cities. It is not easy to be a pioneer; but these people have the pioneer spirit. It will not be their fault if the new towns are not a success.

—Home Service

## Afternoon at Home

Seeing the earth dry into shoots of summer  
And sea dissolve the line of rock in steam  
On my garden hill I gather  
Impressions of the girl I live in dream

Until the ray that reads this flesh withdraws  
Either from rare rainshine or dull moonwater  
Drives me to pines with claws  
And deserts the mere man who does not dream.

Under this granite bank fall banks of flowers  
Lawns of herbs, grazing cubes of sea  
Polished from hill to shore by showers  
That release zones of new translucency

Where opaque dust, dazzling diamonds lay  
Battering my sense to feel no symbol, no time,  
Merely hostile rain, sepia, spray-water,  
In my Irish garden a grove of Japanese trees

Whose rhododendron folly and quartz contour  
Imposed foreign forms on day  
Wrapped the night in snow-coral sea-fog,  
Until I am not man or girl or dream

But wake from sleep this afternoon apart  
Stretched on my garden rock an eye in words  
Alone, to hear my song sung by birds,  
Joined to hill, ground and sea, but separate.

RICHARD MURPHY



# Gogol: Myth and Reality\*

By ERNEST SIMMONS

**I**N the world of Soviet literature the great pre-revolutionary Russian classics play a strange yet significant role. After the initial revolutionary delirium of destruction when—to paraphrase Mayakovsky—the Pushkins of the past deserved to be lined up against the wall with the White generals, most of the famous nineteenth-century classics were one by one readmitted to the tested treasury of acceptable Soviet reading material, though often with a good deal of ideological backing and political rehabilitation. Of course, chapter and verse for these concessions were found in the texts of Marx and Lenin. Since then these Russian classics have enjoyed the benefits of that remarkable Soviet enterprise: wonderful editions are published, millions of copies are sold or distributed, and often fine scholarship is devoted to the study of these works. In truth, it would take very little investigation to prove, on the basis of available publishing statistics, that the favourite reading matter by far of Soviet citizens today is not the highly controlled, ideologically tailored, and often dull contemporary literature, but the great works of Pushkin, Lermontov, Ostrovsky, Saltykov-Shchedrin, Tolstoy, Turgenev, and Chekhov.

Of all these famous writers of the past, Gogol, next to Dostoevsky, has presented peculiar and delicate problems of interpretation to Soviet critics. Since Gogol's writing, in my opinion, is essentially a phenomenon of language rather than of ideas, it does not lend itself readily to the criterion of critical realism—really an invented nineteenth-century precursor to socialist realism—which Soviet critics use as a kind of shoe-horn to draw these great writings of the past on to the foot of Marxian respectability. Then, too, the creative personality of Gogol, who lived in a looking-glass world of his own, does not easily adjust itself to democratic striving on behalf of the masses, the pattern of artistic development which Soviet critics customarily discover among those writers of the past whom they are willing to tolerate. But Soviet critics, though they retain certain misgivings about Gogol, have eagerly conferred Soviet naturalisation upon him.

Since then, Soviet appreciation of Gogol has been on a rising scale, exhibiting more and more a tendency to minimise his ideological failings. Fine editions of his works have piled up and some brilliant Soviet scholarship on his life and writings has been contributed. This interest reached new heights in the recent national celebration of the 100th anniversary of Gogol's death. It has been announced that editions of his works in millions of copies will be published. And at a large commemoration meeting in Moscow, one of the principal speakers declared that Gogol, after Pushkin, consolidated the glorious tradition of defending the common man, and that he, if I may quote, 'is indissolubly linked with all that is best and most progressive in mankind'. Though Soviet critics have added their own special Marxian twist to their interpretations of Gogol's works and creative personality, it is important to point out that they are simply restating a traditional Russian evaluation of Gogol, inherited from his own time and crystallised by the support of succeeding critics throughout the nineteenth century. In short, a kind of myth has been invented about the artistic aims of Gogol which has contrived to obscure his creative personality and to misrepresent the total accomplishment of his great masterpieces of literature. This myth has even distorted the image of Gogol for students of him outside Russia. Accordingly, it may be of some interest to explore how this myth came into being and to offer a corrective to it in an effort to get at the real Gogol.

The myth, of course began with Belinsky, who regarded Gogol as a progressive and civic-minded writer primarily concerned in his art with a realistic exposure of Russia's social evils by means of satire. Belinsky struck this note in 1835 in an article on Gogol's early tales, which in their emphasis on the supernatural, on witchcraft, and on other purely romantic elements would appear to be utterly removed from faithfulness to life. Yet Belinsky wrote: 'The distinctive character of Mr. Gogol's tales is simplicity of invention, nativeness, complete truthfulness to life, originality, and a special comical animation always overcome by a deep feeling of sadness and despondency. The reason for all these qualities lies in one source: Mr. Gogol is a poet, a poet of real life'. As a matter of fact, Belinsky regarded Gogol as an end-product of a



Nicolai Gogol (1809-1852)

development of realism and social significance in Russian literature, the beginning of which he ascribed to the 1820s. It is little wonder then that during Gogol's lifetime *The Inspector*, *The Overcoat*, and *Dead Souls*—to mention only his most celebrated works—were widely held to be true pictures of abuses of Russian life drawn with the social purpose of ameliorating such conditions by pitiless exposure. Even Gogol's comic element was made to serve the same purpose. Perhaps misled by an obvious remark of Pushkin on one of Gogol's humorous stories with a sad ending, the cliché of 'laughter through tears' was interpreted to mean that under the guise of a humorist Gogol wept in secret over the misfortunes of the oppressed Russian people. And to a very considerable extent this view prevails today, not only in Soviet criticism, but also in textbook and classroom presentations of Gogol and his works in the west.

To be sure, upon the publication of Gogol's baffling and disappointing volume under the strange title of *Selected Passages From a Correspondence with Friends*, six years before his death, Belinsky, in his famous letter on this event, poured out wrath and indignation on his former idol. For the critic, this book was an act of betrayal by a man in whom he had seen his country's 'hope, honour, and glory, one of its great leaders on the path of consciousness, development, and progress'. But the damage had been done. Belinsky's original appraisal of Gogol as a realistic artist and civic reformer has stuck. If this image grew a little tarnished in the 1850s, Chernyshevsky refurbished it in the 1860s, especially in his famous *Essay on the Gogolian Period in Russian Literature*, in which he piously attributed Gogol's deviations towards the end of his life to reading the wrong books, which, however, according to

\* A shortened version of the Ilchester lectures given at Oxford University last November



Chernyshevsky, had not prevented the bulk of his work from being a powerfully realistic revelation of social evils in Russia. Chernyshevsky ended by claiming for Gogol an honoured place beside Belinsky in the ranks of Russian liberalism. And this has pretty much remained the standard image of the great writer, and emphatically so in the Soviet Union.

### A Unique Phenomenon

That Gogol is a unique phenomenon in Russian literature is self evident. His artistic personality and works bear no resemblance to those of Pushkin, Turgenev, Tolstoy, or Chekhov, all of whom lived in a rational world and created within the limitations of an accepted literary tradition. He does bear a certain resemblance to Dostoevsky, also a genius of subjective disharmony. Only the creative emphasis of each was different. Dostoevsky sought the tragic in an absurd world, Gogol sought the absurd in a tragic world. This is not to say that the worlds either of these two great artists created are devoid of reality. But Gogol's works reflect reality in a peculiar and complex way. In this world there is always something of the paradoxically unreal reality of Piskaryov's dream world in the *Nevsky Prospect*. That is, Gogol records the facts of life as he imagines them in a highly realistic setting. The result frequently is an illusion of reality that makes the most romantic situations and characters real to us, and the very force of his art sustains the illusion.

In a real sense, then, the substance of this world of Gogol is made up of much of the comic absurdity of *Tristram Shandy*, but with undertones of commingled cynicism and human pathos alien to the mad genius of Sterne. That such an analogy can be drawn at all indicates how forced was Belinsky's attempt to turn Gogol into a social reformer, intent upon using his art to expose the ugliness of Russian life.

It should be admitted, however, that Belinsky's error of interpretation was in no small degree supported by the public reaction to Gogol's works during his lifetime, and by Gogol's own mystification about his artistic intentions. Thus a contemporary audience saw in *The Inspector General* a deliberate attack on the corruption of official life, and many contemporary readers saw in *Dead Souls* a calculated *exposé* of Russian provincial manners and a condemnation of serfdom. The artist with a mission was thrust upon Gogol, and in his emotional and artistic dualism he both liked and disliked the idea. Ultimately it dominated his creative personality. He began to 'plan' his works, so to speak, after he had written and published them, which led him, in those last few tortured years of his life, to discover an ethical ideal in his fiction and to insist upon preaching it to the Russian people. But any ethical ideal would have been in conflict with Gogol's contempt for average humanity, a contempt which when sublimated in aggressive humour became one of the vital sources of his art.

Gogol's views in his book, *Selected Passages from a Correspondence with Friends*, makes a mockery of Belinsky's image of the civic-minded progressive, and any detailed knowledge of Gogol's biography would reveal that these views never varied throughout his life. He was actually opposed to liberalism: he believed that the political and social order of Russia was preordained by God, and that it was every Russian's duty, whatever his station in life, to preserve the *status quo*. As for Belinsky's aching concern for an improvement in the welfare of the peasants, Gogol advised that they should always obey their masters and that the sacred institution of serfdom should be preserved at whatever cost.

Similarly, exception must be taken to Belinsky's conviction that Gogol set out to reveal the sad truth of Russian life in his fiction, in short, that he was primarily a realist. In that remarkable digression in chapter seven of *Dead Souls*, Gogol contrasts the writer who is admired because he chooses the exceptional from the everyday images that surround him with the writer who is content to illuminate a contemptible and lowly aspect of life by elevating it 'to a pearl of creation'. In short, Gogol's emphasis in *Dead Souls*, as elsewhere, is to illuminate everyday life so as to make it 'a pearl of creation', that is, to make the commonplace strange and unusual. This approach will at once be recognised for what it is—a romantic approach to reality. To be sure, Gogol went beyond this in his creative development, constantly experimenting with new forms, with parody, symbolism, and various stylistic devices. But the fact cannot be too much emphasised that in his art he was primarily concerned with the treatment of his material, with how to elevate the commonplace to a 'pearl of creation', not with how best to reflect the truth of life.

Would one meet on the streets of St. Petersburg that superb bragg-

*ocio* of a Khlestakov, that mute, meek Akaky Akakievich, or that noisomely, white rotund slug of a Chichikov, neither too fat nor too lean? They are not real people: they are irrational perceptions of real people, elevated to 'pearls of creation' by the four-dimensional language of Gogol. And what of the world in which they live? Its shiny, thin veneer of reality serves only to suspend our disbelief in a topsyturvy world, peopled by delightful though often gruesome emanations called Bobchinsky and Dobchinsky, Nozdrev, Manilov, Sobakevich, Korobochka, and a ghost stalking a cloak in the squares of the capital, emanations who believe in fake inspector-generals, in *entrepreneurs* who buy up dead serfs, and in copying clerks who die broken-hearted over the theft of a mantle. Yet in all this fascinating make-believe Belinsky could discover the reality of Russian life and in its creator a militant social reformer!

As indicated, the puzzling artistic personality that created this make-believe world defies exact description. But certain contradictions in Gogol's life that had a powerful influence on the formation of his creative personality can be determined with some accuracy. It is clear, for example, that he yearned for a purely idealised patriarchal life in the Ukraine, which he had deserted as a young man, for life in St. Petersburg, which also had its attractions for him. But the main conflict was more deeply subjective. From his early youth Gogol imagined that he had been selected for an exceptional destiny, that he had to perform a great mission of universal significance. He expressed this conviction frequently in his letters and in his well-known work *Confession*. In a letter to Zhukovsky from Hamburg, in June 1836, he wrote: 'Such lofty, such solemn sensations, imperceptible, invisible to the world, fill my life. I swear I will do something that an ordinary man would not do. I sense a leonine strength in my soul'. This urge, psychologically, may have been a compensation for his inability to love—women or anything else—except an exalted self-image. The demands of a super-ego gnawed at him like some insensate worm, and he suffered from a feeling of impotence in being unable to perform his great task, his sacred duty. As he grew older this urge dominated his whole being and was at once creative and self-destructive.

Gogol sought first in his art an outlet for this imperious urge to achieve the impossible. Pushkin's death in 1837 intensified this sense of mission, for he imagined that he had inherited the famous poet's purpose to accomplish great things through art, though really for Pushkin the only purpose of art was art. But Gogol's art became a self-defeating agency in this pursuit of the unattainable. As long as his works remained unfinished, full of wonderful promise, he was sustained by the hope of future, lofty achievement. Once finished, however, they ceased to remain a part of himself and of his mission. He never finished *Dead Souls*. His plans for the continuation of it grew more monumental and more impossible of accomplishment. Pathetic letters were sent from abroad where he had gone to live, to friends in Russia, imploring them to write him detailed information about life there, in order that he might piece out the imperfections of his waning imagination. And in the second edition of *Dead Souls*, in 1846, he issued an extraordinary public appeal; all his readers were invited to assist him by sharing with him their personal experiences, their observations, and their knowledge of life. He even requested them to send him any ideas that occurred to them on the further development of the plot of *Dead Souls*.

### Lost Sense of Mission

There were also those incredible attempts to recapture the lost sense of mission by attributing exalted moralistic purposes to his published works. No doubt, the writing of *Selected Passages from a Correspondence with Friends*, a collection of moral and practical precepts, represented a subconscious transfer of his great mission, now thwarted in art, to the field of ethical philosophy whereby he would regenerate his sin-riddled countrymen. This, too, resulted in abysmal failure.

In an agony of despair, Gogol withdrew from the world, striving to rise above it by religious pilgrimages and ascetic practices in a final effort to free himself from all desires. But the glittering grail he pursued still beckoned. What he could not achieve by literary accomplishments or moral preaching could not be attained by religious devotion. Compromise with himself could never be a way out for Gogol in this impasse with life and art. Suffering in body and soul, unable to fulfil the demands he made upon himself or to free himself from these demands, his death followed as an inevitable necessity, a kind of wish-fulfilment of a great artist who was crushed by failure to achieve the unattainable in art.—*Third Programme*



# Editing Familiar Letters

By WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS

A NEIGHBOUR of mine has been planning an edition of her late brother-in-law's letters. He was the author of three or four delightful books; for forty years he wrote his family and friends amusing letters from all over the world. Everyone who has seen them agrees that they make an entertaining footnote to the history of their time.

My friend's initial enthusiasm for her undertaking has cooled somewhat. She has the letters her brother-in-law wrote to her husband, and his mother, and to herself, but she cannot find any of his other letters. The recipients of them have died; their families are full of promises that they do not carry out. It begins to look as if she is not going to get these other letters and that her edition will be incomplete. Furthermore, she is now having trouble finding the letters that she has. She reads to friends pages from them that illustrate the engaging qualities of her brother-in-law's mind and the complexities of her editorial problems, and these pages have a way of getting mixed up with the tea things and of being later put away by an irresponsible maid with more concern for neatness than for footnoting history. Since the date of the letter is not on the sequestered page, the labours of identification have mounted, but no doubt it will all come right in the end.

## Plain Speaking

Meanwhile, here is a page in which Fred said exactly what he thought of a brilliant and beautiful cousin, a lady still very much alive, with children and grandchildren, and a husband. Can the passage be printed? And what about this Rabelaisian bit of considerable explicitness? Again, here is a passage that suggests a certain waywardness. Fred, she assures her listener, was not that sort of person at all; should she suppress the passage? Other paragraphs are just plain dull, and she crossed them out with her pencil. Since these deleted paragraphs make the letters in which they occur too short, she has spliced to them certain other letters written at the same time and from the same place. It must be confessed that the work has bogged down. The niceties of editing, the dozens of questions having to do with arrangement and style, of indexes and 'method', have not as yet been considered; indeed, they have not as yet been imagined.

My friend's approach to the problem of editing familiar letters is similar to that of countless other editors before her. That is the way Mrs. Piozzi went about editing the letters of Dr. Johnson, Mason Gray's, and Miss Berry Horace Walpole's. It has only been in comparatively recent times that the editing of letters has been taken seriously, which is strange because the historical importance of letters has long been recognised. 'Nothing', Walpole wrote, 'gives so just an idea of an age as genuine letters; nay, history waits for its last seal from them'. It is the editor's duty to make this seal intelligible to 'history', but the difficulties in his way are many. Among these difficulties I select two: the problem of finding the original letters and the problem of annotating them. The editor must get back to the original letters if he can, not only to those that are unpublished, but to the letters that have been printed, because the methods of my friend and neighbour have been the rule rather than the exception: until you see the manuscripts you cannot be certain that you are editing what your author wrote.

## Elusive Manuscripts

At the outset, the editor probably knows where a certain number of the manuscripts are because of his predecessors' and his own researches. Let us assume that in the beginning he knows where twenty per cent. of them are; he suspects that many more have been destroyed, not only by the recipients of the letters, but by the man's family. The surviving letters may be scattered about the world. How does he find them?

They are in three places: in book shops, in libraries, and in private hands. The first of these sources, the booksellers, is the easiest of access. The more valuable the letters are commercially, the more apt

they are to be in the few book shops that stock expensive manuscripts. The editor should of course establish pleasant relations with these booksellers' and with the auctioneers through whose hands pass a large proportion of the letters that reach the open market. He should go further and cultivate the friendship of all who visit country houses for purposes of probate; he must not shrink from the character of ghoul.

The second source, public libraries, is not as accessible as it might at first appear to be. When I began the *Yale Walpole* twenty years ago I sent a circular letter to 800 librarians around the world requesting photostats of letters to and from Walpole in their possession. I was disappointed when only eight out of the 800 replied and when only one, the National Library of Victoria, at Melbourne, had an unrecorded letter; but I was lucky to get that, I now realise, for librarians have a natural distaste for persons who ask librarians to do their work for them. Since then I have found, and friends have found for me, several hundred letters to and from Walpole in libraries in Britain and America.

The third place where letters are kept, the private library, is usually the most difficult to discover, and when discovered it may test all the editor's skill as a diplomat. Private collections can be divided into those that have been recently collected and those that have been inherited. If the letters have been collected by a person still alive the collector may be well known in the book world; he may even write voluntarily to the editor to offer him the letters for his use. He may, on the other hand, refuse to let the editor use them or even see them, but such churlishness is far rarer than it is sometimes supposed to be. If the letters have been inherited, it is quite possible that their owners do not know they own them.

Collectors of letters live all over the world. I have found letters to and from Horace Walpole as far away from Twickenham as Dunedin, Honolulu, and Lima. For all I know, there may be letters to and from him in Darjeeling and Butte, Montana. More probably, of course, there are some in Shropshire or County Wicklow. The letters that are slumbering in a country house, perhaps unknown even to their owners, are the letters that furnish most of the collectors' stories. How does one find them? Many methods are used: will-searching, letters of appeal in weekly journals, articles in magazines, lectures, broadcasts. By these methods I have discovered about a dozen letters. By searching auction sales catalogues and by advertising in newspapers I have found perhaps some 2,000.

## 'Best for the Reader'

The problems of annotation are legion, but they are simplified if the editor keeps in mind one question: What is best for the reader? The presence of the editor's readers must always be before him. They are, presumably, persons like himself, and he may assume that they share with him certain knowledge. It is when he proceeds to the less familiar that he begins to wonder what he should annotate and what he may pass over in silence. He will find comfort in what Dr. Johnson said on this subject: 'It is impossible', said Dr. Johnson, 'for an expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own experience; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at last explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. These are censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured'.

There are times when the best course is to do nothing. When Walpole writes from Paris that the French had become very simple in their dress and equipages, that the English were living upon their old gods and goddesses, and that 'I roll about Paris in a chariot decorated with cupids and look like the grandfather of Adonis', we did not intrude with a note on Adonis or his grandfather. Nor do I think comment is needed on this passage in a letter to Lady Ossory: 'When by the aid of some historic vision and local circumstance I can romance myself into pleasure, I know nothing transports me so much. . . . I sometimes dream one day or other somebody will stroll about poor Strawberry



and talk of Lady Ossory—but alas! I am no poet, and my castle is paper, and my castle and my attachments and I shall soon vanish and be forgotten together!’ It would be a disservice to the reader to point out that Walpole was the author of x-hundred lines of verse, that instead of vanishing soon he lived nineteen years, six months, and sixteen days longer, and that Strawberry is still standing, in spite of the encroachments of Greater London and the effects of a German bomb on the night of December 15, 1941.

The editor must be on his guard against ostentatious pedantry. He must not inflict upon the reader all the steps he took to solve a knotty problem, the learned works he consulted, which were of no use to him, and so on, great as the temptation may be to show his ingenuity, his mastery of libraries, his patience and his indomitable will. The reader is interested only in the solution of the problem, which should be stated in the fewest syllables that will give it clearly. Another annoying form of pedantry is to refer to rare and inaccessible editions of works that exist in readily available editions. It may be advisable to refer to the edition that his author read, but if that is a rare book and this is a modern reprint of it, the editor, I think, should also give a reference to the modern edition. And when a reference is made to a fact that is in many books it is absurd to send the reader to an edition printed in Oslo or Budapest when the London or New York edition will serve better. The ease with which the reader uses the work and his satisfaction with what he finds in it are measures of the work's success.

‘Lucidity, simplicity, system’, those words of Sir Henry Maine describe the essence of good editing. Clear presentation the editor should be able to provide; satisfaction is something he must pray he will be able to give. It is when the editor goes beyond routine obligation and tries to give an enrichment of the text that he advances to something still more difficult—and the most rewarding part of his work. To be able to produce contemporary evidence that proves or disproves his author's statements is a legitimate triumph. This evidence is to be found in government reports, trials, prints, newspapers, magazines, and in many other places, particularly in unpublished manuscripts. It is a pleasure to find this evidence in statements that his author and his friends have made in their letters or diaries or in the margins of their books, which they have later forgotten.

To take a small example, Walpole bought Conyer Middleton's collection of classical antiquities. William Cole noted in his copy of *Description of Strawberry Hill* that Middleton complained of Walpole's having paid him only £20 for it. Left at that, Walpole appears as a rich young man who took advantage of an impecunious old scholar to whom he owed much. But at Farmington, in one of his own copies of the *Description of Strawberry Hill* Walpole noted that he paid £125 for Middleton's collection. This would seem to settle the matter, but for the fact that also at Farmington is the receipt for the transaction, signed by both parties, and it proves that Walpole gave Middleton not

£20, not £125, but £131. Producing such a proof whenever he can find it is certainly part of an editor's job. It is easier to produce it than to reach the ultimate goal.

This unattainable goal is for the editor to become so familiar with his material that he will be, as it were, inside the writer and recipient of the letters when they were written and read. Editors of Walpole, for example, must try to place themselves in his chair as he sat late at night in the library at Strawberry Hill writing to such very dissimilar people as Lady Ossory and Cole. Apart from its 4,000 books, we should find the library bleak, the candlelight insufficient, the use of a quill irritating, but these things appeared otherwise to Walpole. Before him was a stock of well-sharpened quills, the light he wrote by was the best that could be procured, and as for the bleakness of the room, how could a room be bleak that had a ceiling with one's arms painted on it by Clermont, the clock given by Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn, and seven ossuraria? We must try to see these objects as Walpole saw them. More important, we must try to see his correspondents as he saw them, to be aware of the subjects he avoided with them, while remembering his own prejudices and enthusiasms, his age at the time of writing, the state of his health and his temper, what was uppermost in his mind at the moment, and whether or not he felt that posterity was looking over his shoulder.

We have certain advantages that he and his friends lacked: we know what was to happen to them, the pleasures and disappointments that were in store for them, and when and how they were to die. But we cannot enter completely into their lives because each generation differs from its predecessor and we are on fairly sure ground only with our own. Years spent upon the study of a former age will help to overcome this handicap; the devoted and imaginative student will gradually accumulate a considerable store of information about it; he will discover and absorb many of the tacit assumptions of the time that his author's correspondents took for granted; but he will not know all of them; and he will never be able to divest his mind of all that they never knew. We may think we can picture a world without anaesthetics, a world in which duelling was not uncommon, where paupers' graves were left open for weeks, and highwaymen were hanged in chains in the public way, but if we were magically conveyed back to the eighteenth century there would be doubtless a thousand circumstances that would come to us as a shock. Our ignorance of them prevents us from entering into the daily lives of people of that time; but certain things do not change, and, you will forgive the truism, human nature is one of them. It is possible by long and sympathetic study for the editor to know his author better than the author knew himself. The judicious use of this knowledge, which at times may come in a flash of insight, will illuminate much that without it would be dark. Here, perhaps, is where the editor can make his greatest contribution. It is, at any rate, the one, I think, that gives him his greatest satisfaction.—*Third Programme*

## My First Novel

By NORMAN COLLINS

IF you really want to get down to some serious uninterrupted reading, there are few better places than a railway carriage: no telephone, no visitors, no television set, no piles of magazines. And late at night it is better than ever. I know because I have just tried it. Throughout the particular journey I have in mind I had been alone in the compartment. Entirely alone, I mean, with my feet resting comfortably on the seat opposite, and my brief-case lying open beside me. But it was not any of the papers out of the brief-case that I was reading. It was a novel. My own first novel, *Penang Appointment*, that I had written nearly twenty years ago.

There is in any case always something faintly eerie and uncanny about re-reading one's own early work. It is as strange and unsettling as it would be to go back tomorrow to your own old school and meet yourself at the gates as a schoolboy with shining face, just coming out. And for savouring the experience to the full I repeat that the railway carriage was perfect. Simply the regular, swaying motion of the train, the rumble of the wheels, the night outside, and, above all, the sense of loneliness. Of course, I could far more conveniently have re-read the

novel on any one of half-a-dozen different occasions during the preceding month. But for some reason or other I had been putting it off and putting it off, until if I was to re-read it at all I could not put it off any longer. And all my working life it has been the same. With any piece of writing that I have ever done, I have never once got down to it until the last possible moment.

I mention this fact because it was only during the course of that late railway journey that I had ever properly become aware of it. And I became aware of quite a lot of other things about myself, as well. By the time the train had trundled through Redhill, I was not merely sprawling nearly full-length in an overheated railway carriage, I was lying stretched out on a psycho-analyst's couch, as well. There I was, stuck fast in 1953, vividly, almost photographically, reliving the portion of my life during the spring and early summer of 1933, while I was at work on that particular novel.

I should perhaps explain that only once during quite a brief period of my life, when I had resigned from one job without having anything definite in mind to turn to next, have I ever been a full-time writer at



all. I am now forty-five, and I have written more than a dozen books in my time—several of them, heaven help me, rather exceptionally long ones.

But always I have done my writing very late at night, or in the small hours of the morning, after I have cleared up whatever the day's normal job happened to involve. For example, when I wrote *Penang Appointment* I had just become the deputy chairman of a big publishing house, and my day-time work consisted of seeing that other people's novels—not my own—got a fair start and a good send-off.

So, as you see, I do not really fit into the normal pattern of a writer at all. I was a kind of highly professional amateur, a sort of experienced beginner, right from the word 'go'. I even began writing—that is to say, actually making a living by writing—far earlier than most. By the time I was twenty I was already working under that saint among men, Robert Lynd, on the old *Daily News*, and trying in all respects to behave as I believed assistant literary editors of a Fleet Street newspaper should behave. Indeed, that early start of mine affected my whole shape as a writer. If I had spent my late 'teens and early twenties at the university, where I had set my heart on spending them, there would have been that congenial, slowly expanding period while I was among men of my own age. As it was, I had to get along without contemporaries.

### Centre of London Literary Life

Before I was twenty-one, I was drawn by Robert Lynd and his wife into the very centre of a circle of London literary life, which in those days contained not only Wells and Bennett and Galsworthy, but James Joyce and Max Beerbohm on their visits to England, and critics like Edmund Gosse and Desmond MacCarthy, and J. C. Squire as well as other younger writers like J. B. Priestley, Hugh Walpole, and A. P. Herbert. Younger writers, I call them; but remember that I was about fifteen years younger than the youngest. There were elders and betters on all sides of me. And in that company, with several of them already my friends, I felt that I could not afford to fail as a writer.

Thus, I quite deliberately did not risk writing a single line of my stories until I had first published something else. I therefore solemnly sat down and wrote a short history of the English novel. I called it by the foolish and catchpenny title, *The Facts of Fiction*. But the title did not matter. The book itself was successful enough. It went into a second edition and bits of it are, indeed, still sometimes quoted back at me. The important thing about it was that it was published at all. For with a book to my name, I felt considerably stronger.

But even so I was still cautious; even secretive. It might have been a revolution and not merely a novel that I was planning. For when it was finished, I submitted the manuscript under an assumed name to my own publishing house, and finally had the cynical satisfaction of seeing it selected by Gerald Gould, the chief literary adviser of the firm. Then, and only then, did I come forward and admit parentage. And it was in that late-night railway carriage with a copy of the first edition in my hand, that I saw the whole incident in an entirely new light.

I realised that in using an assumed name at all I was anything but the subtle master of strategy that I had imagined myself. In reality I must have been merely a rather unusually timid young man, taking out a high-premium insurance against being thought ridiculous. For my object in writing the novel at all was really two-fold. In the first place, of course, I felt that natural compulsion of the writer to work off on paper the thousand and one plots and incidents that kept coming into my head. But secondly I wanted to write an *Old Wives' Tale* or a *Forsyte Saga*, so that I could meet Mr. Bennett or Mr. Galsworthy on more nearly equal terms. That last piece was vanity, pure vanity, of course. A decided weakness of character on my part. But looking back on it over the years, I rather like the simple innocence of it.

### Plots and Characters Quickly Forgotten

It is nineteen years since *Penang Appointment* was first published, and it is nineteen years and six months since I last read a word of it. From that you will gather that I am not one of those patient and industrious authors who go back to their early work time and time again, refining and polishing it. While I am actually engaged in writing anything, I become entirely and blissfully engrossed. Then, when the book is finished, I quickly lose interest. Even receiving proofs gives me less pleasure than I anticipate, because by then I have always become interested in something else. Indeed, when the proofs do

come I often find myself rather glumly wondering how I could ever have become interested in that particular collection of characters at all, and cannot for the life of me imagine how anyone else could possibly become interested, either. Not that it matters, because I promptly forget all about it. Literally forget, I mean: names, incidents, characters, sub-plots, they all evaporate, leaving merely a sort of smudgy sediment behind.

Re-reading *Penang Appointment* was thus an interesting experience. It was virtually a new novel by someone else, and I approached it in that spirit. I was not actually bored by it, as much as puzzled that I should ever have written it at all. On the credit side, what impressed me most about it was the sheer energy of the writing. Every sentence was clear-cut, hard-hammered, and emphatic. Indeed, from that very fact I think that even without my own name and the date of the title page I should have known that it was the writing of a young man, possibly even a very young one.

Then again the characters in the novel—and the character-drawing—were just as hard and clear-cut and emphatic as the sentences themselves. Take, for example, the portrait of the seedy and slightly intoxicated father of the girl who plays the part of heroine:

He was a small man with white wisps of hair standing out irregularly from his head like the feathers of an agitated bird, and a pair of watery, uncertain eyes. He gave the impression of being in an exceedingly bad state of general repair. His clothes needed a good brushing and sponging; he might have just been turning out a very dusty cupboard. He looked like a man in need of a good holiday. He was muttering some faint words, blurred and inaudible, as he passed by. And laying his hand on the rail as though he expected it to elude him, he began to descend with short, hesitating steps like a child's.

Then, on the debit side, the whole plot on re-reading it seemed to me to be no more than the merest trifle. The action, I found, takes place on a liner between Tilbury and Penang. The principal character is a rather priggish schoolmaster in his early thirties—and that is interesting because at the time of writing it I remember that he seemed to me already intolerably middle-aged, just as he now seems to me to be rather suspiciously young. Anyhow, he is on his way to take up an important post in Malaya, and is anxious above all things to keep his record clear and his copy-book unsmudged. Once on board, however, he finds himself, despite his natural caution and reserve, drawn not merely into a love affair but into another man's love affair—an affair involving a dark, sullen girl straight from an English convent, her clinging, disreputable father, and her red-faced, whisky-drinking lover. And by the time the ship—rather self-consciously christened the *Tusitala* after Robert Louis Stevenson—arrives in Penang, the schoolmaster has murder on his hands, as well as a *fiancée* whom he had not met less than a month before.

### Fascinated by Adventure

Those are the bare outlines of the plot. And as I have indicated, they do not amount to twopence. But as I re-read the book I suddenly realised that the central idea was something that was basic and fundamental to me. Indeed, later on, I wrote what was virtually the same novel all over again. The characters and the setting were both totally different. But the theme was the same: man's conscious, deliberate effort and the unexpected, unanticipatable consequences. That is essentially a romantic conception. And I realise now that, ever since boyhood, I have been fascinated by the strange face of adventure and by the unknown reward that lies in wait for the adventurer.

Until that midnight re-reading, I had thought—that is, if I had ever given the matter any serious thought at all, which I had not—that I was rather ingeniously concocting a plot that was entirely my own. Whereas I can see now that I was merely the unsuspecting instrument. Because the theme of the adventurer passing over the horizon into the unknown is the oldest of all the themes there are. It is the Odysseus myth and the story of Sinbad. It is Beowulf and the Tinderbox, and Tobias and the Angel. It is all the myths and legends and fairy tales, the ballads, romances, and narratives that have come down to us, whispering through history, and are still circulating somewhere inside every one of us—a part of what Jung has taught us now to call the mass-unconscious. All that I had done was to take one of the primeval adventurers, reduce him in stature, dress him up in modern clothes, and get him to speak in the modern idiom.

That is what I discovered about my own first novel and about myself, as the train rattled over the complex of points outside Victoria and finally came smoothly to rest at the platform.—*Home Service*



# NEWS DIARY

April 1-7

## Wednesday, April 1

Mr. Molotov supports Chinese proposals for exchange of prisoners in Korea

Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld accepts post of Secretary-General of the United Nations

An independent committee is to be set up to enquire into the working of the National Health Service

## Thursday, April 2

French and U.S. military authorities accept Russian invitation to join in Anglo-Soviet talks on air safety in Germany

African home guards kill twenty-seven Mau Mau terrorists

## Friday, April 3

President Eisenhower states that any peace offer made by China or Russia should be taken at its face value until it is proved not worthy to be so taken

Russian Ministry of Internal Affairs announces release of nine doctors accused in January of causing death of several Soviet leaders

## Saturday, April 4

Signor de Gasperi announces that a general election will be held in Italy next June

Soviet Government rescinds order to British and American embassies to leave their buildings on account of town planning in Moscow

British Comet aircraft completes flight from London to Tokyo in thirty-six hours on first journey in new passenger service

## Sunday, April 5

Mr. Eden cancels projected tour in Europe as he is to undergo major operation

Israel expresses satisfaction at release of Soviet doctors, seven of whom are Jews

Rumania grants amnesty to certain classes of offenders

## Monday, April 6

Dr. Adenauer arrives in United States for talks with President Eisenhower

Progress reported in talks between U.N. representatives and Communists at Panmunjom about exchange of sick and wounded prisoners

More Mau Mau terrorists killed in Kenya

## Tuesday, April 7

U.N. representatives at Panmunjom accept Communist proposals about exchange of wounded prisoners provided there is no forcible repatriation

Death of Field-Marshal Sperrle, who directed air attacks on London in 1940



Left: The scene at the Chapel, Windsor, during the funeral of the Earl of Athlone. Above: members of the royal family.



Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh leaving St. Paul's Cathedral on April 2 after the traditional Royal Maundy Service at which the Queen distributed purses to a number of old men and women. Each received the equivalent of twenty-seven Maundy pence

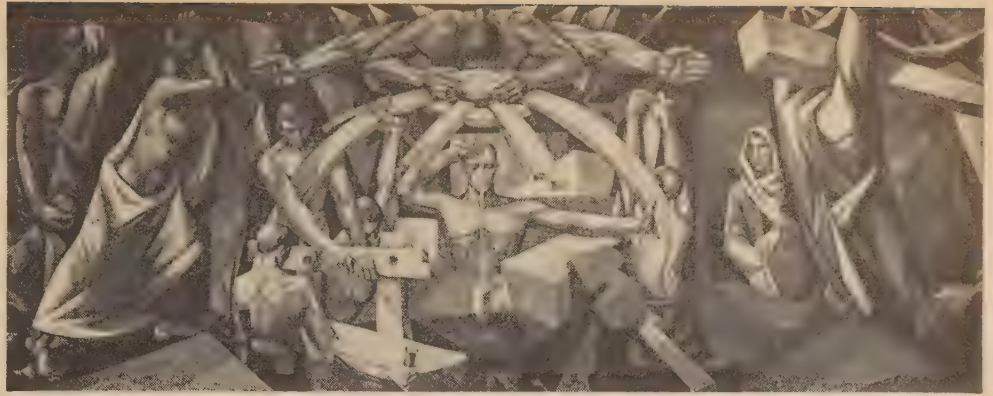


King Carol of Rumania, who died on April 4 at the age of fifty-nine, with his wife, formerly known as Madame Lupescu, for whom he renounced his right to succeed to the throne twenty-eight years ago. In 1927 his son Michael became King, but in 1930 he obtained the throne by means of a coup d'état and was proclaimed King Carol II instead of his eight-year-old son. Rumania was given a guarantee of her independence by Britain in 1939 and King Carol, who had received the Order of the Garter from King George VI, was determined to maintain his country's neutrality. For some time he managed to resist German pressure but in 1940 he was forced to abdicate





Funeral service for Queen Mary in St. George's Church was held on March 31. The Queen and royal family are seen on the right. Standing in the Duke of Kent, the Duke of Gloucester, the Duke of Windsor and the Duke of Edinburgh. The public inspecting the wreaths displayed on the lawns in front of Windsor Castle



At the United Nations Conference Building last week, a mural painted by the Spanish artist, Vela Zanetti, was unveiled. The centrepiece, shown above, depicts a four-armed figure implanting the emblem of the United Nations



Left: Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, Minister without Portfolio in the Swedish Cabinet, who has accepted the appointment of Secretary General to the United Nations in succession to Mr. Trygve Lie. Above: Mr. Vishinsky shaking hands with Sir Gladwyn Jebb, at U.N. headquarters. Mr. Vishinsky was appointed Soviet delegate following the death of Mr. Stalin. Recent developments have created a feeling of optimism at the United Nations



Part of the armoury in Hatfield House, the historic home of Lord Salisbury, which was opened to the public on Easter Saturday. Mr. Robert Drage, the curator, is seen standing by one of the tapestries (depicting the seasons) which were woven in 1611. These tapestries, which were manufactured in Gloucestershire, are among the best examples of English seventeenth-century work. Hatfield House, lying to the north of Barnet, is a fine specimen of early Jacobean architecture. It was built partly on the site of an older house by Robert Cecil, first Earl of Salisbury, and completed in 1611. King James I exchanged the original house with him in return for Theobalds. The armoury includes pieces captured at the time of the Spanish Armada. The seventh Earl and first Marquis of Salisbury, whose wife had extravagant tastes, filled the house with eighteenth-century furniture, silver and china for her benefit. She died in a fire in 1835 which destroyed the west wing



'The Return 1788', an etching and aquatint by Thomas Rowlandson, one of the drawings in the exhibition entitled 'English Life: How Our Ancestors Lived from 1700 to 1850' which opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum last week. The exhibition consists of some 180 drawings, prints and book illustrations from a private collection and includes social and political cartoons of the late eighteenth century and examples of the work of Hogarth and Gillray



# 'The Man Beneath the Whiskers'

By ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

I REMEMBER vividly, when I was a boy, being shown into a room full of people; and finding that only two of them were alive, my great uncle and aunt. This was the first time I was really aware of my great-grandfather, 'the sculptor' we called him in the family, implying there was no other. What was the source of my family's pride became my confusion when I grew older. My great aunt could say in a voice compelling reverence: 'Do you realise, my child, that the sculptor executed the group Agriculture for the west pediment of the Albert Memorial?' But when I repeated this at school, everybody laughed as if I had made a joke. In those days, you merely had to mention the Albert Memorial and you got a laugh.

## 'Michael Angelo in Morning Dress'

I went with the crowd. The sculptor was a joke. I would not even recognise that he was a most accomplished technician; that his sculpture was never careless or shoddy. To me his work was just a Victorian pastiche on the antique; and he himself was an incongruous figure, Michael Angelo in morning dress, Praxiteles with whiskers. For the sculptor, like many Victorians more eminent, advertised his greatness with whiskers. They suited him, mind you. Their growth was good and so, clearly, was his barber. They made him look distinguished—in a general sort of way. But at the same time, because you really could not see what he was like behind all that hair, I found his portraits frightening. My father, who had known him in the flesh, found him rather frightening, too. He told me later, when I was trying to penetrate to the man behind the whiskers, of a thing which stuck in his mind.

The sculptor had a house in Ebury Street, behind which he built three studios running the length of the garden. They were approached down steps; and my father remembers in winter—this, remember, was the age of gas, the fish-tail jet in passages—he remembers going down the steps to summon the old man to tea. The first two studios were filled with statues: the Venerable Bede translating the Bible, oblivious of Hercules on his left rescuing Hesione from the sea-monster and, on his right, somebody else tossing Sabrina into the river Severn. These figures in the dim light, the curious shadows that they cast upon the walls, and the great areas of darkness in which anything might lurk, were terrifying; but far the most frightening of all was what was waiting in the final studio, the great sculptor ravening for tea.

After he finished work in the evening, the sculptor would come back to the house where they would be playing that popular game word making and word taking. He would be asked to join in. No! He would just watch. And watching he could see all those combinations which missed those absorbed in playing. Then, condescendingly, he said: 'All right, I'll play if you like'. And he sat down and scooped the board, nine times out of ten. And when he did not, he was furious. I liked that. I felt I was getting behind the whiskers.

Then there were the letters he wrote from Rome before he started to grow whiskers. That was in 1836, when he was twenty-three. And I read them at about the same age, nearly 100 years later. And I felt an immediate sympathy.

I should explain that the sculptor's father was an Edinburgh goldsmith, with a shop in Princes Street. The sculptor himself was apprenticed as a goldsmith, but when he insisted that he wanted to be a sculptor, his father sent him to London, where he studied a year under Chantrey, and then he won the Royal Academy Silver Medal which carried with it a two-year travelling scholarship.

The letters he wrote from abroad were all to his mother. Quite clearly the censor was at work, but even so I could read between the lines the enormous enjoyment that he was getting at the sudden release from London and Auld Reekie, the smoke and narrowness. He started off as raw as could be. He really did write back from Calais to complain of the stupidity of the grown-ups who could not speak a word of English, even though their children were bright enough to have mastered the difficult language of French. But he was quick to learn. After all, for Scotsmen, the savages begin at Berwick-on-Tweed.

He was an ardent student; he made a bee-line for art galleries and

instructive ruins. But to reach these treasures of the past, he had to wallow through the present, the mud and filth of Paris, the poverty and disorder of Rome. And everywhere, of course, restrictions, because of cholera which at this time was ranging Italy as freely as the bandits. The prodigality of the Roman heritage appalled him: pillars of temples built into private houses; even worse, friezes used as paving stones, the features of ancient sculpture not yet obliterated by feet and shoe leather.

His Presbyterian soul was deeply attracted to the power and glory of the Roman Catholic church. His description of masses at St. Peter's though tempered to his mother's sensibilities, betray his awe and admiration.

Suddenly, life had broadened and grown sweeter: Pompeii, the ascent of Vesuvius, Sorrento. The blue, blue sky above the blue, blue sea; the desolate plains around Rome and the astonishing fertility of what was fertile still. There were certain things which were strange; the Pope's banning of the masked ball at carnival for fear the revolutionaries would don their dominoes and seize the Holy City. The riderless horse-race down the Corso, started with fireworks, the horses egged on by tin cans tied to their tails and the jeering of the Roman mob; all for the prize of a few *soldi* given by the Jews, who previously had had to run the race themselves.

But what really stuck with him was a constant: the sudden enrichment of his life by Italy, and at the same time that sense, strange but stimulating to the young and lusty, of death edging close. It was not safe at those times to walk the streets after dark, for fear of robbers who would kill for a few *soldi*. The magnificent display of fireworks on St. Peter's was so dangerous to ignite that the men who did so were given the last unction before making the ascent. People he knew were killed in the street, or died of cholera, or of diseases more mysterious.

These letters betray the germination of an artist from a student. Something was quickening. There needed only the addition of love . . . that relationship which in a person can embody Italy, the danger and the loveliness, the threat of death and the sudden resurrection.

He visited the Grotto of the Sybil at Tivoli, where he picked a piece of herb, which he sent to his mother, and he wrote: 'It is to be given to the person who makes the best verse on it, for it should inspire the Muse being from classic ground'. This was a furtive message to Ann Lawrie, a young poetess who had been living with his father as his ward. It was a small gesture of revolt. His parents had lined up a future wife for him—a cousin of his called Margaret Calder. Margaret Calder had money, and a sculptor at the outset of his career needed capital.

## 'Italy across the Breakfast Table'

The sculptor came back to England with enough sunshine in his veins to refuse to marry anyone he did not love. But he was still cautious enough to wait four years before he married his poetess. I have read Ann Lawrie's poetry . . . it was not very good. But I have also read some of her notebooks and they reveal her as a romantic, lively, irreverent young girl, who could taunt and challenge and infuriate the sculptor. She was what he wanted, and he knew he wanted, to offset that solemn careerism of his. She could be Italy in bed and across the breakfast table.

They married in mid-February, 1842. On December 1 that same year she was brought to bed prematurely. He had to give permission for the child, a son, to be destroyed in order to save her life. The sense he had had of the omnipresence of death in Italy must have come back. After a fortnight she got up. She was seized with breathlessness and went back to bed. Within a week she was dead and buried.

He was for the moment too numbed to give expression to his feelings; but on January 19 of the next year he began his first diary. He was not yet thirty, but he had a past. That day a year before, he had asked Ann Lawrie to marry him; and as each new day came, it brought some poignant anniversary in his forty-five weeks of marriage.



'Ambition has lost its object', he wrote. 'I commit my bark to chance. I cannot take the rudder as I know not where to steer, having no harbour nor refuge, nor beacon to guide my course. Without any aim or object at present I live. I have felt the interest in reading the diary of my beloved wife. Perhaps this diary of mine may interest someone also, but who and when God only knows. Whoever it is, let them scan my errors lightly'.

None of his friends came to see him, embarrassed perhaps by his grief; and in his loneliness he turned to modelling a bust of his dead wife. He had never used her as a model, thinking he had a lifetime ahead for that. Now, to his horror, he could not remember her face. He had never studied her as a sculptor, only as a lover. The length of her nose, the breadth of her brow, how her lips ran had escaped him. All he remembered was her face in movement, her laughter, her disapproval, the curious melting of her features in love. Night after night he worked upon her head, feeling that if only he could capture her in clay, he would hold something; perhaps realising that even in the short time of marriage he had come to take her too much for granted.

At last the friends came back. The bust, they declared, was a very decent likeness. He gathered her poems together and published a small collection at his own expense. The episode was closed: all that remained was the bust, a bundle of papers, and a thin green volume.

Ambition had lost its object, he had written, but it was not dead. It was his relentless demon, with which, had she lived, Ann Lawrie would have had to struggle constantly. For even in those letters from abroad, the ambitious Scotsman out to make a fortune is already plain to see. On the boat from Marseilles to Leghorn, he secured two portrait commissions; and cooped in the Lazaretto at Civita Vecchia, he made friends with a Mrs. Overend who told him that her late husband had given Chantrey his first commission. How appropriate, the young sculptor hinted, that Mrs. Overend herself should give a first commission to one of Chantrey's pupils. She did so; and so before he found a Roman studio he had three jobs lined up.

### The Qualities of a Free-lance Artist

He had from the start several qualities essential to the free-lance artist; he had no shame or shyness in soliciting work: he was very industrious and he was capable of working on a number of different things at the same time. In this, the business side of being a sculptor, he needed no help. This confidence, I have no doubt, was the legacy of the goldsmith. He looked on sculpture like a craftsman-trader, a high-class monumental mason. He never doubted that the standards of the Royal Academy were the highest possible standards; and in all his diaries, the only hint of hesitation or uncertainty about his work lies in the struggle to get Ann Lawrie's likeness right. After that was finished, he went back to work with quite savage intensity. In the drug of work and over-work he seems to have found some solace. His diaries are concerned only with the people he has seen with an idea for commissions and with the commissions themselves, which he worked on three or four at a time.

Eighteen months later, he visited his family in Edinburgh and noted in his diary: 'Proposed to Margaret Calder'. Just that. Then a few months later: 'Signed marriage settlement'. And later still: 'Married Margaret Calder. Went for a week to the Trossachs'. In the forty years that he was married to Margaret Calder, there is only one other reference to her; when, because she was having a difficult child-labour, he was unable to do any work for a day.

Ambition may have lost its object when his first wife died, but by the time that he had married the second, it had fastened on making as much money as possible, either by public monuments or out of what he called 'Poetic Sculpture'. Poetic sculpture was a fashionable fallacy of the time. You took from Milton, Keats, or Tennyson a few lines of poetry and illustrated them in marble. There was no attempt to go back to the original material from which the poet had worked and make something complete in itself. If the lines themselves were beautiful, their beauty could be translated, so the theory ran, into an entirely different medium. The sculptor turned book-illustrator; and the new industrialist who bought the statue felt he had got a bargain. He had killed art and poetry in one stone.

A beloved wife who could have discussed and criticised what he was doing, might have turned the talented craftsman into an artist. But the sculptor did not want a critic. He wanted Margaret as his housekeeper and the mother of his children. He gave her loyalty and fidelity, but no love. Yet they struck some sort of accord, a *folie de*

*l'argent*. Dourly Presbyterian, she sat in the drawing-room thinking of the sculptor in the ultimate studio alone with naked women. She demanded that when the model rested, he should come back to the house for refreshment. It was a pity he had chosen for his livelihood a profession so full of temptation, but at least it made money, the currency into which their passions were converted by this unloving compact. His cold competence won him honours. He was even offered the Presidency of the Royal Academy, the crown it might be thought of his ambition. But though, when he died, one newspaper compared his fortune with those of Nollekens and Chantrey, the sculptor looked at his bank balance and announced he was too poor. He grew to be a very old man. He outlived his second wife by seven years and he outlived the vogue for poetic sculpture by nearer twenty. He went on working until his last illness. It was brief. He went to bed, and he gave orders that the bust he had made of Ann, his first wife, should be put at the end of the bed where he could see it. He was looking at it, when they noticed he was dead.—*Third Programme*

## The Uprooted

They say a train is leaving soon,  
But soon is vaguer than next year  
And yesterday's past memory  
Or knowing how long we've been here.

They say that letters will come soon:  
But all the words they use bear such  
Double tones of disbelief  
In what we hear and see and touch.

Nothing is certain in this world  
They bind on our unwilling eyes;  
The keenest treachery's concealed  
Behind the words behind the lies.

Though the papers on the desk  
Tell what we ought to understand,  
The sentence loses touch with us  
And dies a death that's underhand.

What waits tomorrow now the time  
Sheds carelessly its hours and dates,  
Becomes a question without sense  
Since now and then are equal states;

And death is daily as our bread,  
Just as commonplace and small;  
We've come to know him as a cheat  
Who cannot startle or appal.

The sense of our reality,  
Made up from sky and flower and earth,  
Is lost to all our nights and days;  
We have no time and place of birth;

The only certainty we have  
Is being between; between the light  
Of once and never will again,  
Between the nightmare and the night.

KENNETH GEE

## Poem

White dove, unless the wind too much abuse you,  
Further than my eye can follow  
Fly watchful over the chastened shore,  
And if you be so blessed to find my love,  
Tell her I walk in a graceless room  
Where no shadows kiss, no echoes  
But come singly; tell her the waves beat hollow  
And that there is no comfort in any song.

W. S. MERWIN



# April in the Garden

By P. J. THROWER

**I**F you took the risk of putting in a few early potatoes last month they will be showing through before this month is out and you must have something ready for covering them with; if they get cut back to ground level, it will make them several weeks later, and though it will not kill them altogether, those few weeks are valuable because that is the time when new potatoes are still rather dear to buy. If you have some straw handy, that is useful for covering, or if you have only a few rows, sheets of newspaper will keep off quite a few degrees of frost. Just place the newspaper over the growths and put a stone or lump of earth on each corner to prevent the wind from blowing it away. You can of course draw up a little soil over the potato tops; they have got to be earthed up a little later in any case; the main thing is to be prepared.

## Protecting the Strawberries

The strawberries may be showing their flowers towards the end of the month and these can be one of the worst affected crops; the first flowers often produce the best fruits and it would be a great pity to lose these; a little straw or loose material somewhere close by to sprinkle lightly over the plants if frost should threaten could make all the difference between a good crop and a poor one. Onions, peas, broad beans, lettuce, and parsnips will stand a few degrees of frost without much harm—so there is no need to protect these.

Onions can still be sown as well as parsnips, a few carrots of the early short horn varieties—it is still too early for main-crop carrots—a few round beetroot, lettuce to keep up a succession, spinach between the pea rows, leeks, cauliflowers and radish if you are fond of them. Early potatoes are to go in and if you grow maincrop varieties, these will have to go in later in the month. There is one thing I want to remind you of when planting maincrop potatoes: give them more room between the rows and between the sets in the rows, while you allow twelve to eighteen inches between the earlies in the rows and two feet between the rows, for maincrop varieties such as Majestic, King Edward, Arran Banner or Great Scot, leave two feet between the seed potatoes in the rows and at least two and a half feet between the rows.

Many people often plant Brussels sprouts, broccoli and other winter green crops between their maincrop potatoes, but there is nothing gained by it; in fact, there is more lost, for those plants have to stand the winter and they are bound to get thin and drawn, and it does not give the potatoes a fair chance either.

So much for the vegetable garden; now what about the flower garden? A small handful of a general fertiliser sprinkled round each rose bush, away from the plant itself and lightly worked into the surface of the soil, will help them with their first flowers and at the same time help them to produce stronger growth which will also bear your later flowers, and if you can find the time to spray them this month with one of the fungicide sprays it will help to keep off mildew and black spot. You can combine with the fungicide a little good insecticide to kill any greenfly, which may be there; they will be on the move this month and as these are the ones which soon breed hundreds of others, prevention is better than cure.

Then there are those plants on the herbaceous border, the Michaelmas Daisies, Heleniums, Phlox and all the others which are sending up dozens of new growths—to leave them all to grow will mean that they will have to fight for light and air; they cannot do that and at the same time produce good flowers which will last well into the summer and autumn; it is well worth your time and trouble to thin them out; cut out all the weak ones first below ground level with a sharp knife, then select about five or six of the best shoots well spaced out and cut out all the remainder, they will flower so much better. And here again a little fertiliser will be useful.

If you have a small rockery now is the time to clean it and freshen up the soil, look over the Rock Roses, Dianthus, Alpine Phlox and any of your other favourites, remove any dead pieces, lightly stir over the surface of the soil, it will smarten the rockery up and each week now you will begin to see more and more colour. The Aubretias will soon

be in full flower and the earliest Saxifrages are nearly over, but there are many more to come and here and there you will find fresh life in the little plants that a week or two back looked almost dead.

This month is the best time to sow your hardy annuals; most of them are better sown where they are to flower and I always like to sow them in clumps rather than in rows, rake the soil down as fine as you can, in the fine soil mark off the clumps with a pointed stick, and then scatter the seed of the various kinds thinly over the patches marked out and rake the seed into the surface. Here are just a few to remind you: Eschscholtzia (the Californian Poppy), Cornflowers, Linum, Clarkia and Godetia, Linaria, Larkspur, the annual Delphiniums in many shades, Candytuft and, a favourite of mine, the annual blue Anchusa.

Outdoor flowering Chrysanthemums and Sweet Peas may be planted out later this month so long as they are well hardened off. If you have them in the frame give them plenty of ventilation, take the lights off during the day and then gradually begin to leave them off at night; if you have no frame or if there are other plants in the frame which want warmer conditions, stand the Chrysanthemums and Sweet Peas out under a sheltered wall for a week or so before you plant them out. Both like a soil that has been well dug and which has had some manure or compost worked in. If you want good Sweet Peas for cutting, then the best way is to plant them in a single row nine inches apart and grow them up canes or stakes on a single stem; choose the best growth on each plant, tie it to the cane, and only allow the centre growth to grow, all side shoots that come in the leaf joints rub out. With continual tying, plenty of water and occasional feeding with a good manure you will have long-stemmed Sweet Peas to cut for the house.

When you are planting the Chrysanthemums it is always best to put the canes or stakes in first and plant to them; you can then tie them up straight away and there is no fear of them being broken off by the wind.

When we talk of taking Chrysanthemum cuttings, potting them and putting them in the frame, we are apt to forget the person without either a greenhouse or a frame. How does he manage? He no doubt leaves them out all winter protected either with some straw or cloches over them. At this time of the year they are beginning to send up their new growths. Round about the middle of the month the roots can be lifted and all the soil shaken off, each growth can then be pulled away and you will find they have no doubt formed root on the part of the stem which was underground. Each shoot like this can be planted out in the normal way and they will make reasonably good plants so long as they are watered and looked after until they get established.

## Orange Boxes for Tomatoes

If you have a greenhouse which is not heated in any way, then it should be quite safe to plant your tomatoes after the middle of the month. I do not think there is much to be gained by planting them earlier; a few cold nights and they look so starved and take a time before they recover. Where there is a staging in the greenhouse I find the cheapest and best way is to plant them in orange boxes; there are usually two or three sections in each box, three-parts fill each section by first putting a little manure or compost on the bottom, then some good loam if you can get it with a little good general fertiliser mixed with it, we use about a five-inch potful to each barrow load and put one plant in each section. An orange box should not cost more than about sixpence, or a shilling at the most, and you cannot buy one nine-inch flower pot for that.

There is still time to sow seed of the half-hardy annuals too. Alyssum, French and African Marigolds, Nemesis, Asters, Stocks and a whole host of others, and of course it is time to be making up the hanging basket for over the front door; this must be well established before it goes out. There are two ideas I am going to suggest for you: ivy-leaved or trailing Geraniums and trailing Lobelia—these always make an attractive combination, or Fuchsias—these are always popular too and so long as they are kept well watered they are never without flowers all summer.—*Midland Home Service*



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Central African Federation

Sir,—Many listeners will have welcomed the debate on the pros. and cons. of Central African Federation broadcast on April 2. Quite apart from the fact that I agree with the speaker who spoke in favour of delay, I found his statement admirable. On the other hand, I felt that the speaker who followed him made a good case for going forward and weakened it by a selective appeal to history. 'All history', he alleged, proved that closer political union led to the various parties' settling down together happily. May I suggest that it proves nothing of the sort? Twice during the eighteenth century, the despised Highland tribesmen rose in arms against the Anglo-Scottish Union. The federation of the United States almost foundered in the bloodiest sectional civil war in 'all history'.

Further, the speaker made no mention of two glaring examples which knock the bottom out of his optimistic survey, and yet one of them is on his own doorstep and the other on that of the Africans of Central Africa itself. Three-fourths of the Irish people were bulldozed into Union with the British in 1801. They retorted by making the ensuing century and a quarter a miserable time for all concerned, seeing the hated Union break up in civil war and murder, and finally marching out of the Commonwealth altogether. Similarly, in 1910, three-fourths of the mixed peoples of South Africa were never consulted, but were simply carted into a Union which most of those who had the franchise had opposed for all the safeguards which have since proved to be so much waste paper. I cannot speak about the present condition of the Republic of Ireland, but I know from personal experience that South Africa is a most unhappy divided land from which many Natalians are talking of seceding. The truth would seem to be, first, that federation is not a formula for the production of coal, copper, chrome and hydro-electricity, but a device to enable human beings to live together, a fact that has been too much lost sight of in these days, and, secondly, that no political union has ever been happy if it has been carried over the heads of most of the people directly concerned.—Yours, etc.,

St. John's College, ERIC A. WALKER  
Cambridge

## Britain and France

Sir,—The talk by M. Servan-Schreiber published in your issue of March 26 will be both an inspiration and a revelation to many in this country despite, or perhaps because of its sharply critical tone. To those of us who have the spectacle of a united western society fading before our eyes like some sad new Achaean league, the message is a refreshing stimulus to further effort. If we know that despite our wobbling diplomacy, France and maybe others still have faith in our reluctant rectitude then there is hope yet for our precious Graeco-Roman civilisation.

Let us be blunt. We may have the desire for an Anglo-American alliance but despite all the kindness and friendliness in the world, it is doubtful whether Americans think in terms of alliance as much as hegemony. It might be better, in the Orwellian phrase, to be more equal in a Western European Federation than in an Anglo-American Alliance. All is well whilst the U.S. are prosperous but there are clouds on the horizon: there is a potential foodstuffs surplus

in the U.S. and the recent proposals that British cars be excluded from California are formidable pointers to what might happen if a major depression gets under way.

We might have felt a little happier with the Truman Administration, but not much: despite friendly assurances and real generosity economic forces may well drive us into our natural position among the western European states. That is where we belong. Perhaps this was the motive behind the inspired offer, on a celebrated occasion, of a common citizenship for the people of France and the U.K. I hope M. Servan-Schreiber has not forgotten that occasion.

And there are some of us perhaps who will think that a third power of equal strength is the only hope of salvation, not only for us, but the great globe itself.—Yours, etc.,

Gidea Park G. E. ASSINDER

## New Light on Population

Sir,—As an Irishman, may I point out to Mr. Colin Clark that super-fecundity may be a very mixed blessing? The 'atrocious injustices' perpetrated on us by 'British Parliaments' were made possible only by the British being so con-foundedly prolific. And what will happen to us again, if, in the next breeding marathon, the 'unsavoury imperialists' should come out on top? Not all nations can achieve the benevolent perfection of the French, whose flag, Mr. Clark assures us, was a 'banner of freedom' in the countries they over-ran.

But, more seriously, may I echo the sentiment that it is a natural right that children should be born in accordance with the wishes of the parents. Family size is determined by personal considerations and global or national population trends is a factor of little direct effect. Yet there are, even today, politicians who will interfere with this natural human right, and who will, to satisfy their own private assumptions, deny to all parents the right of access to modern methods of family planning. Such politicians are good men—according to their lights—and doubtless mean well, but, 'may God preserve us from those who mean well'.—Yours, etc.,

Galway INVOLVED

## Children in Trouble

Sir,—Mr. Iain Colquhoun, in his talk 'Children in Trouble' (THE LISTENER, March 26), states that he knows of nothing quite like the Liverpool Juvenile Liaison Service in the world. However he, and others of your readers, may be interested in comparing it with a similar approach commenced in Passaic, New Jersey, in 1937 (reference—*Juvenile Delinquency and the Schools* by Kvaraceus), when police and education department combined in an effort to reduce juvenile delinquency. The first seven years of statistics reveal an equally amazing drop in the number of juvenile crimes; however we must be careful lest the number should have dropped, because there is now a less severe alternative (Mr. Colquhoun says that parents agree to the approach 'for the alternative might be the court').

I feel that Mr. Colquhoun has been perhaps a little severe in his criticism of the possibility of expanding the scheme by decision of Parliament. The problem of expansion is indeed baffling. It is true that people of a high quality are needed. But we hope that such people are not confined to Liverpool, and I would point out

that although the police are a very necessary part of such a scheme, the original drive need not come from the police department. I see no reason why the scheme should not be sponsored officially. The problem then is to convince officials of its success and of its correctness as a procedure.—Yours, etc.,

Wadham College, VERNON HOLLOWAY  
Oxford

## What is a 'Democratic Education'?

Sir,—Your correspondent, Professor L. Forster, recognises that only an elite can receive 'those influences which develop and refine character and produce the cultured man', at a university, but prefers that this elite should be based upon wealth rather than intelligence. Writing as one of these refined persons he then implies that the remaining bulk of the population are inferior and failures.

Even so he is concerned that the influence of the graduates should be spread more widely among the rising generation and sees the comprehensive school as the instrument of this desire. The staff of such a school would include, he supposes, men of the highest university standards whose influence could there be exerted over the whole school rather than as at present over the selected candidates in the grammar schools only. This seems a doubtful argument. I would rather say that it is only by means of segregation that any elite can prosper. I can well imagine that the standard of the majority—a lower standard both in content and quality—might prove stronger by sheer weight of numbers. Comparison with standards in the U.S.A. points to this result.

Professor Forster does not suggest that differences of ability should be disregarded. He wants varied streams for varied ability. Does he suppose that the children would be unaware of the distinction, or that the staff should conceal it? Does he imagine that the employer will accept an employee merely on the name of the school and not on the results achieved by the child? It is a fallacy, as practising teachers will confirm, to suppose that the duller children can excel in any activity, when matched with those of higher intelligence. Rare individual cases may, but the general run of such pupils will not. How much worse it would be to have in the same building, continually, work in every phase of school activity, of a standard which you could never attain, and how much greater the feeling of inferiority. It is more humane to group the children so that their environment is related to their ability. In my view the comprehensive school is condemned by the very arguments supposed to support it.

Those children who can benefit from a grammar school education usually get one, especially in those counties which allow a second attempt at the age of thirteen. A big fault in the present system is the lack of Junior Technical Schools. One argument in favour of the comprehensive school is that it would be simple there to change the direction of a pupil's studies if he was not benefiting from his course. A large number of entrants into grammar schools have no wish to enter professions and little interest in academic studies. Being intelligent they pass the common entrance examination and proceed to the grammar school. By the time they are fifteen they wish to leave and the majority leave at sixteen to take up normal employment.



A technical bias would be much more suitable for this type of child. It would be simple to allow those Secondary Modern Schools which are suitably equipped, and there are many, to run courses with a technical bias as a preliminary to technical college or suitable apprenticeships.

There is a strong tendency at present for heads of schools to get and keep as many pupils as possible. The reason is a simple one and should be more widely known. The salary of the head depends upon the number of his pupils and the older the pupil the more he is worth to the head. In the comprehensive school the type of a pupil's course could be changed without loss to the head but surely it would be simpler to make the salaries more independent of numbers and so obtain easier transfer between types of school.

Since 'the unity which is so valuable in our social life' has not so far been destroyed by our system of education I see no reason to change it on that account. Would it not be wiser to consider how far our educational system has helped to create that unity?—Yours, etc.,

London, E.18 D. CHAPMAN

Sir,—May I thank the many people who have kindly written to me in support of my letter on illiteracy (THE LISTENER, March 5). I am glad the approach to backwardness through the teacher's personality wins so much acceptance.

I regard the junior school—including the 'kindergarten'—as being the most important part of the educational system. It is here that the basic skills—the three 'Rs'—have to be mastered. Failure here means difficulty all along the line. In the junior school, the most important classes or groups are the 'backward' class and the scholarship class. In both classes the teacher's personality is of much more importance than his methods. Indeed his personality is his method.

By a curious blindness and stupidity the 'backward' group is often delegated to the youngest member of the staff—a fledgling just out of the pedagogic nest—and the 'scholarship' class is bestowed upon the teacher 'who has earned it by length of service'. This was the explanation recently given to me by a L.E.A. official. Could anything be more stupid in each case? Sometimes a hopelessly inefficient Head teacher will take the scholarship class, because he imagines it to be *infra dig* to take any other.

Unfortunately, there are not enough teachers of the right personality to go round. The schools abound with competent mechanics and technicians. They do good reliable work but the children are not educated. There is a dearth of teachers with the pastoral-artistic approach to their work—men and women of vision, imagination, and a true sense of values.

Children may forget what is in a text-book—the influence of an inspiring personality and his art of 'setting the mind on fire' never die. Teaching, like preaching, is the expression of 'truth through personality'.—Yours, etc.,

Hook Norton, Oxon. HORACE DOWLING

Sir,—Mr. Horace Dowling (THE LISTENER, March 5) would guarantee to teach twenty children to read in six months. It might be done in much less time. In 1882 it fell to my lot to teach twenty seven-year-old boys, who did not even know the alphabet, to read in four weeks.

I was then a boy of fifteen, but had never taught a class. The education code of that year stipulated that all seven-year-old children in elementary schools must be presented for examination in the three R's. The headmaster, on making belated discovery of the fact, had no choice but to confide the class to me. It seemed an impossible task, but at the examination I had the satisfaction of hearing each boy read to H.M.

Inspector without hesitation. As the class was taught reading in the school backyard, where there were no disturbing noises, neither the schoolmaster nor anyone else ever knew how this result was achieved.—Yours, etc.,

Paris L. A. GLYNN

### Presenting Third Programme Music

Sir,—Recently I was surprised to read the complaint of your excellent music critic, Mr. Dynley Hussey, concerning the performances of Vivaldi's 'L'Estro Armonico'. Now Mr. Percy Scholes has joined him. They, it seems, can have too much beauty and Mr. Scholes seems very sure that the 'ordinary' listener will agree with them.

I can, of course, only write from my personal experience, but I must say that I have heard nothing but praise for these performances, from friends and relations, all of whom can claim to be 'ordinary' music lovers. Some of us took care to hear both performances, and we thanked the Third Programme, yet once again, for giving us these opportunities. It is to be hoped that they will not be discouraged and that we will not be denied further such experiences because the professional critics are perhaps a little too fastidious in their appreciation.

Mr. Scholes goes on to complain about the announcing policy of the Third Programme. It may seem strange to him but the 'ordinary' musical listener has by now a working knowledge of the simple French, German and Italian required for moving about intelligently in the world of music. He is no longer puzzled by 'allegro' nor even frightened by 'Hunnenschlacht'. Moreover he has a fairly retentive memory for musical matters, likes to be credited with a certain elementary knowledge, enjoys being treated as an adult and an equal. Further, he resents more than seems to be imagined the patronage so often to be experienced from the other programmes.

Please, let no one concerned with the Third Programme imagine that the real musical public do not daily bless them for the wonderful beauties they provide. The Third Programme is the one musical realm where the 'ordinary' listener can move freely, choosing for himself, unguided, unpatronised, allowed to savour fully the glories of the world's musical treasures, uncut and unedited. Long may this policy continue.

Yours, etc.,

Purley DAVID BUGLASS

### The Understanding of Poetry

Sir,—I am aware of the danger of attempting a translation of a passage the context of which is not to hand. Nevertheless, I am persuaded that a translation offered (and exploited) by A. P. Rossiter in his letter of April 2 is wrong (and therefore misleading).

He quotes: '*Was im eigentlichsten und schärfsten Verstande erfunden wird, ist für die menschliche Gesellschaft nur selten wirklich nützlich*', and goes on: 'i.e., what is most truly and keenly understood is only rarely genuinely useful to mankind'.

This is certainly not the meaning of his quotation: *Verstande* equals here *Sense or meaning of a word*; *erfunden* signifies here *invented, found out for the first time, created artistically*. A fair translation would run: What, in the truest and strictest sense of the word, is *invented* is only seldom of any real use to mankind. The German author, who is stressing the word *erfunden*, is thinking of it in terms of *finden*.

Yours, etc.,

Saarbrücken EDWARD STARTUP

### 'The Law of Libel and Slander'

Sir,—In his review of *The Law of Libel and Slander*, published in THE LISTENER of March

26, Dr. A. L. Goodhart remarked that it was strange that nowhere in the book are the professional qualifications of the authors stated.

The reason for the absence of any mention of my legal qualifications in the book is because under the rules of the profession of which I have the honour to be a member, it is not permitted to do so in a book for general circulation so long as the writer is in practice in that profession. Whatever the merits of these rules, and there are obvious reasons for their imposition, I am concerned to abide by them. Although this would not now apply to the late Mr. Hickson it was considered, to observe the spirit of the rules, his qualifications should also not be mentioned. Although the reference in the course of the review to three minor errors invites challenge, I recognise that it would not be appropriate to embark upon a technical discussion in your columns upon these matters.

I would like, in conclusion, to thank you and Dr. Goodhart for an otherwise favourable review.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.2 P. F. CARTER-RUCK

### Anouilh and Pirandello

Sir,—It is interesting that Mr. Trewin should have thought of Pirandello when reviewing the recent performance of Anouilh's 'The Traveller Without Luggage' and curious that he should not have remembered 'As You Desire Me'. Like so many present-day dramatists Anouilh owes a great deal to Pirandello and I incline to believe that in this play he may, consciously or otherwise, have sought to write a serious pirandellian drama using as his basis one of the Italian playwright's own pieces. The ancestry of a play is never easy to determine and the work of the genealogist is rendered even more difficult in this instance by the fact that what begins quite promisingly as a minor essay in the pirandellian manner finishes as a rather unsatisfactory skit on the Pirandello play and on 'As You Desire Me' in particular. Is it a failure in imitation or a parody of dubious dramatic value which confronts us then?

Or is it that the play owes nothing whatsoever to Pirandello? Is the dull truth that Anouilh merely refashioned—and most ineptly—the material which Pirandello had used so effectively some half-dozen years before? As we know, the Bruneri-Canella case excited considerable interest and it may well have engaged the attention of Anouilh and given rise to a work related to that of Pirandello only in that both plays enjoy a common source. Perhaps the Anouilh scholars can enlighten us.—Yours, etc.,

Leeds University FREDERICK MAY

### Myth or Legend

Sir,—The Glaisrige, Glastenig, Glaisnic, etc., seem to have been a primitive people, with roots not only in Britain, as Professor Wade Evans seems to suggest, but also in Ireland.

We read in Cormac's glossary 'not less did the Gael reside to the east of the sea than in Ireland. Glastonbury is the abode of Glas, son of Cass, swineherd of Iruath, King of Norway. He was slain by Mac Con's champion. . . . Thus did every tribe divide on this side for it had its equivalent then in the east and they abode in that might for a long time even after Patrick's arrival'.

Goidel Glas was the ancestor of the Goidels. 'Glas' place-names and legends are very common, particularly in N.E. Ireland, in Kerry, and the West Midlands. The evidence suggests that the Glas people, who gave their name to Glastonbury, were not British but representatives of an earlier people.—Yours, etc.,

Kilkenny HUBERT BUTLER



# Poems from 'New Soundings'\*

## Sailor, What of the Isles?

'Sailor, what of the isles—  
The green worlds grown  
From a little seed? What of the islands known and those unknown?'

'I have returned over the long and lonely sea;  
And only human need  
For the world of men is mine: I have forgot Immensity.

The rustling sea was a green world of leaves;  
The isle of Hispaniola in its form  
Was like the leaf of a chestnut tree in June.  
And there is the gold region—the gold falls like rain with a long and leafy tune.

An old man bore us lumps of gold . . . the small  
Like walnuts husked with earth; the great  
As large as oranges, and leafy earth  
Still clung to them. And when you thought that fireflies lit the night,  
These were but nuggets, lying on the dark earth, burning bright'.

'Sailor, what of the maps of the known world?' 'The old Chinese  
Whose talk was like the sound of June leaves drinking rain,  
Constructed maps of the known world—the few  
Islands and two countries that they knew.

They thought the heavens were round,  
The earth square, and their empire at the earth's centre . . . Just as you  
And I believe we are the world's centre and the stars  
Are grown from us as the bright seas in a rind of gold  
Are grown from the smooth stem of the orange-tree.

Those maps of the Yellow Empire then were drawn,  
As we think upside down:  
Tonking was placed  
Where usually the North stands, and Mongolia graced

The South. The names, too, were writ upside down.  
For how is it possible, in this flat world, to know  
Why South should be below, the North above—  
Why man should hold creeds high one moment, the next moment,  
low?'

'Sailor, what of the maps of skies? Is that Orion?' 'No, the sight  
Is of a far island. What you see,  
Is where they are gathering carbuncles, garnets, diamonds bright  
As fireflies with a gardener's rake under the spice-trees and the  
orange-trees'.

'Sailor, what do you know of this world, my Self . . . a child  
Standing before you?—Or an isle  
To which no sail has crossed over the long and lonely sea?  
What do you know of this island, of the soil  
In which all sainthood or insanity, murder or mockery grows—a leafy  
tree?'

'No more than the gardeners and astronomers who make  
Their catalogues of stars for heavens and seeds for garden beds  
Know of their green worlds; or the soil, of the great beasts  
Whose skin shines like gold fire or fireflies, and whose nostrils snort  
great stars—

The beasts—huge flowers grown from the steam of the green darkness.  
Each beast holds  
The entire world of plants,  
All elements and all the planetary system in  
Itself (while the flower holds only the plant-world)  
And freed from its stem by light, like the flowers in air—

No more than the father knows of the child, or the sailor of chartless  
isles'.

EDITH SITWELL

## The Spring

Dark the words break:  
The spring rebounds,  
Knocking awake  
With earlier sounds  
Forests and hills  
Enchanted here  
Where water spills  
From year to year.

Here salmon leap.  
The ancestral climb  
Matches in sleep  
The fall of time.  
Here if you climb  
Where moments course,  
Your hand through time  
May touch the source.

Music enthrals  
The listening weir.  
Breath on breath falls,  
Binding the year  
With passion's oath  
That it shall bring  
Through sleep and sloth  
Unaging Spring.

Time, that is brief  
Yet is not true,  
Tells from sunk grief  
Its beads for you.

Dark, it repeats  
Those words again:  
Hark how the beats  
Renew the chain.

Do not reject  
The insistent prayer:  
There move the elect;  
Their thread is there.  
Silence it brings  
To you alone  
Where water sings  
From stone to stone.

Sigh, for the reach  
May never say  
How close to each  
The sunbeams play.  
There let conjecture  
Lose to love  
The silence music  
Murmurs of.

Vertical rains  
Fall, to deliver  
From sterile chains  
The abounding river,  
Prophetic, blind,  
A Titan, born,  
Losing to find  
His wine, his corn

VERNON WATKINS



# The Head and the Symbol

By GERARD J. R. FRANKL

**S**T. AUGUSTINE held that Unity was the supreme good, and Diversity the supreme evil. The last master-painter before the confusion of the tongues—to a large extent, but unwillingly, its originator—Cézanne, said on one occasion: 'Whatever is dispersed must be united in one belief'. After his death an anthology of pictorial possibilities was written by his followers. The anthological tendency towards diversity and towards the stringing together of products created by the most diverse civilisations was increased by easy communication, plentiful reproductions, and by the heretic belief that there are objective criteria of Art, or even symbols which, though occurring in different countries and at different times, are nevertheless binding and especially evident now because our knowledge of symbolic iconography has made much progress. It might be useful to recall the definition of 'symbol' given by the Oxford Dictionary: 'Thing regarded by general consent as naturally typifying or representing or recalling something by possession of analogous qualities or by association in fact or thought (white, the lion, the thunderbolt, the cross, are symbols of purity, courage, Zeus, Christianity)'. So when Picasso in the course of several drawings makes St. Magdalen bend over backwards more and more until a mushroom shape comes into being, he does not thereby distil or create a symbol. Even the fierce scrawl produced by a small child, and 'symbolising father' is not a symbol of 'father' in spite of the fact that such drawings are typical of a certain age and of that particular subject. The statistical identification of the typical cannot be substituted for general consent.

Another modern heresy frequently propounded by art writers consists in allocating to certain masters definite innovations, *i.e.* to Picasso the use of combined aspects. The Douanier Rousseau knew better; he called Picasso 'the greatest painter in the Egyptian style'. The combined aspects are just as evident in Egyptian art as in Durer and Rembrandt portraits (quite apart from Cézanne), and to what extent Picasso's more obvious use of this oldest device is valid will remain uncertain until we or those who come after us have sufficient distance. Then that consensus will be formed against which there is no appeal.

These reflections are induced by an exhibition now on show at the I.C.A. called 'Wonder and Horror of the Human Head', a gruesomely 'amusing' maze of casts, photographs and originals from the tiny prehistoric Brassempouy carving to a recent 'double-head' Shell poster; from the grandiose reliquary of Ste Foy to

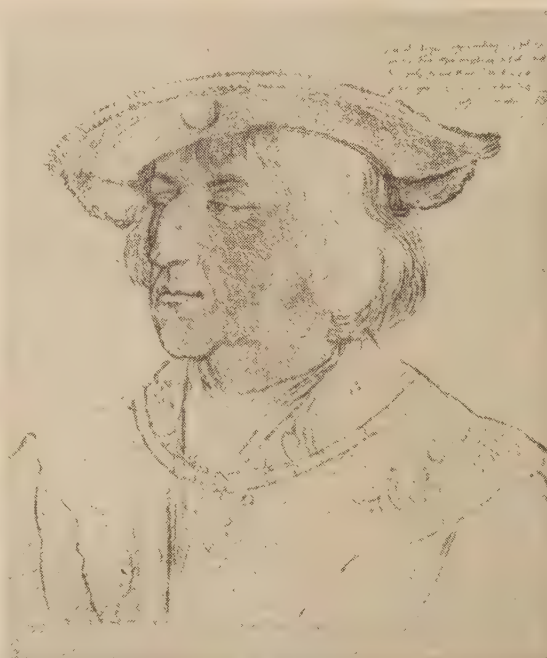
Matisse's 'Heads of Saints'. Several square yards of precious wall space are occupied by an oculist's poster, while decisive prototypes created by Durer, Greco, and Rembrandt are omitted. Some fine exotic heads and masks stare at the Paris-in-the-'twenties-like confusion.

Mr. Roland Penrose who arranged the exhibition has published simultaneously with its opening an illustrated brochure\* under the same title, with illustrations of some of the best exhibits. This anthology is much more helpful. It is soberly written and, leaving out the bric-à-brac, confines itself to studying the various ways the human head appears in European and exotic art: how the centre of thinking and feeling is interpreted by thinking and feeling, producing self-portraits of civilisations. Mr. Penrose avoids the Teutonic style now frequently encountered when art writers pile up pseudo-scientific terms in order irrationally to overwhelm the reader with the profundity of their subject. Mr. Penrose writes very much like Fénéon: humanely and without condescension. He repeatedly stresses the fact that one cannot be certain about the meaning of prehistoric and exotic creations which are born out of unknowable circumstances; '... a beautiful arrangement of abstract forms, reinforced by surface patterns; but to the Ibibio tribesmen, who produce and use these masks for magic rites, their inner meaning is obvious and profound. Contemporary art has many affinities with these trends, partly due to increasing interest in intellectual interpretations of form and a love for abstraction for itself, and partly due to the opposite bias which seeks for a new symbolism'. Whether one then follows the author the whole way, accepting his belief that the Cubists 'arrived at a statement of form which not only enveloped but penetrated the object' depends largely on the reader's *parti pris* of optimism or otherwise.

But is another attitude than this 'optimism' likely under the particular conditions existing in this country where the atavistic influence and power of a Salon Officiel, fifty years after the Salon Officiel has ceased to matter in France, induces hard contrasts and tends to suppress *la vérité dans la nuance*? Again, when Mr. Penrose credits Picasso with 'having combined the profile with the full-faced eyes, producing interlocking double vision portraits which allowed an encirclement of the head, otherwise impossible to accomplish on a flat surface', this is, I think, over-simplified because, first, what Picasso did can be interpreted as a merely more obvious application of the 'Egyptian principle' as Professor Gombrich calls it, and, second, we cannot as yet be sure whether Picasso's method does not explode rather than reinforce the tension which exists in the earlier prototypes. But the time for balanced judgment and finesse has not yet arrived.



Above, 'La Niçoise' (1937), by Picasso, from *Wonder and Horror of the Human Head*, compared with (below) Durer's portrait of the 'Emperor Maximilian' (1518), where the mouth is depicted nearly *en face* and the nose in three-quarter profile: from the Albertina Collection, Vienna



\* *Wonder and Horror of the Human Head*, An Anthology by Roland Penrose. Foreword by Herbert Read. Lund Humphries, 8s. 6d.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## Marie Corelli: The Woman and the Legend. By Eileen Bigland. Jarrolds. 18s.

MISS BIGLAND QUOTES a saying that everything Marie Corelli wrote was 'in impeccably bad taste'. Her long run as a best seller, for twenty years or so from about the middle eighteenthies, coincided with an era of conspicuous bad taste. She flattered and reflected some of its prevalent inclinations, its religiosity and its shallow and flashy romanticism. She believed in herself, was carried away by her belief, and took with her a host of readers. Flattered by various royal personages at home and abroad, praised and publicly quoted by clergymen of various denominations, she won the interest or admiration of Gladstone, Tennyson, and Labouchere. Yet today it is difficult to see her as much more than a strange, out-of-date vulgarian.

It is one of the virtues of Miss Bigland's lively book that she sees all the fatuousness of her subject but never presents Marie Corelli as a mere figure of fun: she presents her as a human being, out of the ordinary, and not entirely lovable. Mary, or Minnie, Mackay—for such was her name—was the illegitimate daughter of a Scotch journalist and sentimental versifier. She began life as a musical prodigy, failed to make a career in music, and then poured out her long succession of fluent best-sellers. Self-dramatising, humourless, envious, Marie Corelli, says Miss Bigland, had a 'cold core of ambition' and an 'admixture of conceit, piety, self-pity, and anxiety', but she believes her to have been 'fundamentally kind' and rightly draws attention to her 'agile brain and engaging naivety'.

Her youthful appearance was long maintained, and in her nature she seems to have been retarded and adolescent to the end. Scandalous tongues drew unwarranted conclusions from her close attachment to her parasitical step-brother, and from her constant attachment to a faithful female friend. To adult sexual love she seems to have remained a stranger, but in her fifties she conceived an infatuation for Arthur Severn, an Academician of sixty. It was a romantic friendship ('We do not', she confided to her journal, 'drag our jewels in the mire!') and it did not last. When somebody asked Severn, whom she had called 'Pendennis', what had ended it, he said the chief reason was that she talked a great deal of poetical clap-trap in a Cockney voice. The last straw was her saying, during a moonlight stroll by the Avon, 'Ow, Pendennis, listen to the owls!'. But the failure of this friendship was a kind of tragedy to her, and there is a tragic absurdity about all her last days at Stratford, where she had retired in affluence and where Ella Wheeler Wilcox came to kneel in homage at her feet. It is a solemn thought that there may be some approximate equivalent of a Corelli among us today, whether male or female, English or foreign. It was her fortune, however, to live in a lavish and confident epoch. She belonged to it, and she does not belong to us. But she was somebody, and she is lucky to have so understanding a biographer.

## Tribal Crafts of Uganda. By Margaret Trowell and K. P. Wachsmann. Oxford. 45s.

This is one of the most impressive monographs on the study of material culture to have appeared in recent years. At least since the heyday of Malinowski's influence, with his lack of interest in inferential history, English anthropologists

have tended to relegate the study of artifacts to the relatively minor role of implements employed in the social institutions which are the main object of their meticulous field-work; it is chiefly the Americanists who have advanced this aspect of anthropological knowledge. Mrs. Trowell has done much to right the balance. For five years she was the curator of the Uganda Museum and subsequently Head of the School of Art of Makerere College; she has used her knowledge, her sensibility and her industry to compile a most complete and lucid catalogue *raisonné* of the artifacts of the 24 or more tribes who inhabit the Protectorate of Uganda. Each chapter deals with one series of manufactures from all the tribes: villages and agricultural implements, clothes and weapons, pottery and basketry, household objects and hunting gear are each reviewed, described and clearly illustrated, for all the tribes.

The value of this thorough work for museum curators and other specialists is obvious and great. It also throws some illumination on the unwritten history of the African continent. By dealing with an area, rather than individual tribes, the contrasts between the Hamitic and the Bantu groups are thrown into relief; language and geography give indications of past migrations. Dr. Wachsmann has contributed four impressive chapters on the sound instruments. The book is a model of production, with good photographs, maps, and an adequate index.

## Poems and Plays. By Gordon Bottomley. The Bodley Head. 30s.

Since the work of Gordon Bottomley seems to us today a little out of focus, it is timely that Professor C. C. Abbott should have produced this very fairly representative selection, together with an extremely useful introduction. Readers may perhaps regret that room could not have been found for 'Kate Kennedy', a piece so different from Bottomley's other plays, proving that the choice of what he in the main did was quite deliberate; nor for the first thirty pages or so of his rare *A Stage for Poetry*, which provides a key to the richer appreciation of his choric and lyric drama. But even without the latter, anyone who is willing to abandon his prejudices, or his own particular mode of assessing works of literature, will find a flavour undiscoverable elsewhere, one which at first tasting may seem too vague and studio-concocted, but which yet has a good harsh underlying bite of reality.

It was not ill-health alone that withdrew him from affairs to live 'a life of passionate, intense meditation and contemplation', but something which was of his essence. Born in 1874, the tradition he belonged to was that of Rossetti, both poetically and pictorially, while his feeling for words was brought to a sharp point on reading Wilde's *Intentions*. His affiliations came to be with Shannon, Rickets and Paul Nash (though he was influenced by Gordon Craig, with Sturge Moore and Binyon), and in drama with Lascelles Abercrombie—another playwright due for renewed attention. But in the drama he sought more widely than these, and he nourished himself with the experimental works of Yeats and the Nô plays of Japan. In a sense, then, he gathered into his own work many threads of his time, and wove them together with his own marked individuality.

Anyone approaching Bottomley for the first time through this volume may find that his early work smacks a little too much of inten-

tional 'poetisation', though the phrasing is direct enough, and the meaning firm. As he developed, his language became simplified, but always with the view of bringing out the beauty of the speaking voice. For the subject-matter of his plays he went almost entirely to myth and legend (especially the Northern ones, since he belonged to the North), a natural predilection reinforced by his being cut off from active life; and from the time he produced his first play in 1909 to his *Choric Plays* of 1939, he continued to develop his method, employing such devices as the folding and unfolding of cloths and curtains to mark changes of scene or tone, to using something which came very near to a Greek chorus. What he passionately worked for and hoped for was a re-integration of these myths in common feeling, to be achieved by the production of his plays in Community Theatres by people trained to speak verse and to move well. Movement was an essential part of his plays. These have been a good deal acted and well received, and if a hundred niggling objections may be made to them, if they are out of gear with our present trends, they are at least dramatic, coherent, solid and shapely, and stand for something we should be the poorer without. To read them now is to obtain a very distinct experience, which if a little strange, is in a rather unexpected way, exhilarating.

## Public Administration in Malaya

### By S. W. Jones. Royal Institute of International Affairs. 15s.

Public opinion regarding Malaya is simple-minded. It has been taught to think of that country in terms of (a) tin and rubber and (b) Communist bandits. When, therefore it is informed that 'things are vastly better' it is relieved to know that Britain's standard of living is still safe and that the enemies of that standard, the Communist bandits, are being rapidly liquidated. Its more socially conscious element meanwhile finds comfort in the facile belief that 'the first task is to restore order' and that when this is accomplished political evolution may be resumed. The fact is, however, that real and abiding order can be achieved only by a political solution and that the effect of the rigid emergency controls has been to make relations between communities and classes worse than they have ever been.

The roots of the trouble are to be found in Malaya's history. When the British intervened in the Malay States in 1874 they found a Malay population of not more than 300,000 confined to the coasts and the banks of the rivers. By their treaties with the British the Sultans retained a nominal suzerainty while accepting the paramountcy of British 'advice'. The result of this arrangement was the emergence of Malaya as a rich modern country with a population of over six million in 1953. But the policy of development entailed the opening of Malaya's doors to unrestricted immigration, so that eventually the Malays were outnumbered and the country was turned into a 'plural society' with all the racial rivalry and resentment that this expression connotes. But while the Malays were being thus outnumbered, the very administration which was encouraging the immigrants held ineluctably that Malaya was still a 'Malay country' and persons of non-Malay race, even those of two or more generations standing, were not accepted as its citizens. In keeping with this theory nearly ninety per cent. of the civil service were trained as 'Malay Cadets', the remainder composing the



THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST  
BOOKSHOP

**FOYLES**  
FOR BOOKS

All new Books available on  
day of publication. Second-  
hand and rare Books on  
every subject. Stock of over  
3 million volumes.

Foyles Record Dept. for H.M.V. Columbia,  
Parlophone, Decca and all other makes.  
Big stock of Long-Playing Records.

Subscriptions taken for British,  
American and Continental  
Magazines.

We BUY Books, Coins, Stamps

119-125

CHARING CROSS ROAD  
LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)

Open 9-6 (Thurs 9-7)

Two minutes from Tottenham Court  
Road Station

Is there anything in it?

You will want to know more about the  
B.B.C.'s fascinating series now running.  
Read these Books and judge for yourself.

Astrology:

THE STARS OF WAR AND PEACE by Louis de  
Wohl "tells how the author served Britain  
during the war as an official diviner of  
Hitler's decisions based on astrology."—  
The Star. With tables, charts, and notable  
horoscopes. 20s.

THE SCIENCE OF CHARACTER AND DESTINY  
by P. B. Larbaestier "expresses a co-ordi-  
nated system of divination and character  
reading by numerology, astrology, and the  
Tarot..."—Manchester Eve. News. 8s. 6d.

Telepathy:

TELEPATHY AND SPIRITUALISM by J.  
Kettinger, Ph.D., "is concerned with the  
possibility of using telepathy to demonstrate  
the certainty of survival after death."—  
Continental Daily Mail. 16s.

Send 1½d. stamp for catalogue of books to  
Hutchinson House RIDER London, W.1.

The Western  
Highlands  
& Islands



by MACBRAYNE'S  
& BRITISH RAILWAYS

Within easy reach but half the world  
away from your everyday cares and  
worries. Fully illustrated guide P14  
free from David MacBrayne Ltd.,  
41 Robertson Street, Glasgow, C2 or  
accredited Agents. Details of trains  
and fares from Railway Stations,  
Offices and Agencies.



THE HONEY BEE

An Introduction to Her Sense Physiology and Behaviour  
by C. G. BUTLER

12s. 6d. net

'... Dr Butler is Head of the Bee Research Department  
at Rothamsted Experimental Station, and his book  
provides a lucid and authoritative survey of a fascinating  
subject ...' Countryside

Among Books on Natural History

the OXFORD NATURE BOOKS FOR THE POCKET rank high.  
Each is fully illustrated in color and the price of each is  
12s. 6d. net

THE FLOWER BOOK FOR THE POCKET is now in its second  
edition. THE BIRD BOOK (father and king of the whole  
series) will soon reappear in a fourth edition: BEASTS,  
BUTTERFLIES, and INSECTS, are still available

Four of these books, *Birds, Beasts, Insects and Flowers*  
are also included in the CHAMELEON SERIES for children:  
each 4s. net

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS



AVAILABLE ON APRIL 20th

A new work by

THOMAS FIRBANK

A COUNTRY OF  
MEMORABLE HONOUR

Listeners in all parts of the world will remember William Holt's  
wartime broadcasts. Readers in many countries will know his famous  
autobiography *I Haven't Unpacked*. Here is the story behind his  
broadcasts, the story of a life of continued vivid interest. 10/6 net

Yet again reprinted. The author's

I BOUGHT A MOUNTAIN

"Vitaly convincing"—Observer 8/6 net

I BOUGHT A STAR

"direct, vivid, humorous"—Sunday Times 10/6 net

Further memoirs by WILLIAM HOLT

I Still Haven't Unpacked

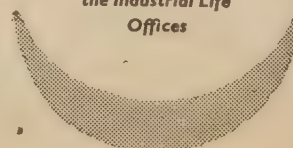
A re-assessment of Wales by the author of the Welsh "classic,"  
*I Bought a Mountain*. Of wide interest, particularly to  
Welshmen, the work has been written as a result of a recent journey  
the author made right through the Principality, mainly on foot.  
12/6 net

GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO. LTD



HOME  
SERVICE  
INSURANCE  
SERVES  
OVER  
TEN  
MILLION  
FAMILIES

Issued by  
the Industrial Life  
Offices





one small eye that the administration kept on the doings and aspirations of the immigrant races, numbering by 1941 nearly three-quarters of the total population.

Mr. S. W. Jones is a distinguished representative of the Malay Cadets, and while he is careful to maintain a balance of judgment in considering the claims of the immigrant communities, he would, one feels, not refuse the description of 'pro-Malay' with all its paternalistic connotation. Indeed it is clear throughout his book that he regards Malaya as belonging exclusively to the Malays and (though this does not necessarily follow) that he looks upon the Sultans as the natural leaders of the country, ruling by prescriptive right. He would not, one feels, for one moment countenance the suggestion that the latter are anachronisms who have long ceased to represent the majority even of the Malays. Thus it is no surprise that he condemns the ill-fated Malayan Union as 'an attack on the Malays' and approves its successor, the Federation, a seemingly reactionary creation restoring a *status quo* of pre-1874, as an ideal solution of Malaya's troubles, now beginning (he says) to 'move smoothly towards its fulfilment'. And while the immigration policy of the administration he so long adorned (and which policy he does not question) condemned the Malays to become a discontented minority, his compassion is for the disinherited. Mr. Jones belongs unashamedly to the Old School, lamenting the passing of the happy pre-war, politics-free, authoritarian regime and approving only such measures as promise (even though deceptively) to restore it.

But while Mr. Jones is out of sympathy, and often out of touch, with the unhappy, distracted post-war Malaya (which however is more awake and self-conscious than its docile predecessor), he effectively reminds us of an age of devoted and civilised administration. His study is, besides, a valuable contribution to Malaya's history, bringing together much material that is old but adding a good deal that is new, the whole being conditioned by the author's long experience of his subject at first hand. The extended account of social welfare undertakings and economic development is a useful feature. When the study joins the Swettenhams, Maxwells, Winstedts, and Millses on the shelves of the student of Malaya it will be received by them politely and with respect.

### Juvenile Delinquency

By J. D. W. Pearce. Cassell. 25s.

Dr. Pearce's book is described as 'A Short Text-book on the Medical Aspects of Juvenile Delinquency', and as such it is admirable. Throughout he insists on the complicated interaction of defective intelligence, instability of temperament, anxiety, aggression, unhappiness and psycho-neurosis, sometimes one and sometimes another being the central feature of the case. He gives an account of the growth of the child from the psycho-analytic point of view, and then, with a wealth of case histories, he illustrates his various aetiological themes. In conclusion he deals briefly with the problems of treatment and prevention, coming down heavily against the use of corporal punishment as a judicial instrument. He is humane, tentative and always sensible.

It should be emphasised that Dr. Pearce is dealing with the medical aspects of delinquency. He does, of course, mention the social environment in which delinquents are brought up, and he does not underestimate its importance, but what one would like to hear more about is the general ethical atmosphere which so many delinquents breathe. 'With the ordinary run of juvenile delinquents', he says, 'the child's internal policeman is often very lax and may even disapprove more of the fact of having let himself be apprehended than of the actual misbehaviour'.

In some sections of the community this does not point to a peculiarity of the delinquent; it is, as one might say, the generally accepted opinion. If you are brought up in a social environment in which delinquent conduct is condemned, it may require a peculiar temperament, or specially unhappy circumstances, to bring you before the court. If, on the other hand, you have been brought up in a world in which delinquent conduct is merely *risky* conduct, the predisposing factors to overt delinquency need not be so 'pathological'. No one will dispute the importance of the study of individual cases—indeed, every case is 'individual'. No one will dispute the significance of the factors discussed by Dr. Pearce—unhappiness, instability, precocious sexuality and so on. But his book needs supplementing by a comparative study of moral climates, and of the variety of techniques adopted for the socialisation of children; the middle-class conscience is very different from fear of the cops.

### Et Nunc Manet in Te. By André Gide.

Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.

Part of the story of Gide's lifelong love for his cousin Madeleine had already been told in his *Journals* and the autobiography, *If it Die*. . . They had played together as children, and read the same books as adolescents. He was about twelve years old when he found her weeping for the discovery of her mother's infidelity to her father, and dedicated his life without misgivings to her happiness. Fourteen years later he insisted on marrying her, feeling not very clearly and quite mistakenly that he could sacrifice his homosexuality for her sake. His spiritual love for her was sincere and profound, though not entirely unselfish: the grave, evasive sweetness of her nature, her piety and love of virtue answered similar qualities in his own Protestant soul, and helped to preserve them. Without her he might have disintegrated into Wildean hedonism, and could never have maintained the complex richness of the Gidean oscillation, or reached his final haven of serenity. He always returned to her, as an emblem of duty and discipline, but always left her again for the liberation of body and mind which seemed, to him, an equally imperative aspect of virtue. What the stresses of this tragic marriage meant to Mme. Gide, we could only guess; now, from *Et Nunc Manet in Te*, we know.

The secret history of their union and disunion turns out to be even more terrible than could have been expected. Gide's wife immediately detected his abnormality and ceased to believe in his love. Their life together became an atrocious struggle, on his side to force her to accept his devotion, on hers to disprove its existence; and they each inflicted and underwent the most appalling suffering. The manifestations of her distress became, perhaps unconsciously, the instruments of her passive revenge. She destroyed her beauty, neglected her health, abandoned music and reading (especially her husband's works) for housewifery and cheap tracts. She gave away his presents, burned his letters ('They were my most precious possession' she said), and when he was committed to his conflict with the Catholic Church, she became, by lingering degrees, a Catholic. If the behaviour of each is measured by its effect on the victim, Mme. Gide gave almost as good as she got.

Ultimately, however, *Et Nunc Manet in Te* is by no means a merely shocking or discouraging book. It is not the story of a crime, nor even of two crimes, but the story of a tragedy. Gide and his wife, like every other married couple (or so Mr. Eliot seems to say in 'The Cocktail Party'), were trapped in a permanent dilemma, and through each other knew the human situation, with its nobility and despair, more profoundly than is possible in any other

relationship. Given their special exigencies and destiny, it was impossible for either of them to act more virtuously than they did; and their struggle for virtue was arduous and genuine, as was their love, as was their suffering. *Et Nunc Manet in Te* is a document of extreme and permanent interest in the case-book of human morality. It is perhaps the most painful, certainly not the least beautiful and moving, of Gide's works.

### A Year of Space. By Eric Linklater.

Macmillan. 18s.

### Pleasures Strange and Simple

By William Sansom. Hogarth. 12s. 6d.

### Don Quixote Drowned. By James Hanley.

Macdonald. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Linklater had already accepted an invitation from the British Council to enlighten the New Zealanders on the condition of modern English literature, when he was approached by that other patron, the Central Office of Information, with the suggestion that he should pop over to Korea to report on the war there for the War Office, the Air Ministry and the Navy. It was a bore, he thought, when he first received the news in Sweden, but returning to London and finding that it could be combined with his cultural mission to the Antipodes, he reflected also that it was a duty and an honour. And really the chance to travel, denied to authors in pursuit of their legitimate business, was not to be sneezed at. Besides he could make a book about it, too.

Mr. Linklater could make a book about anything. Like all taciturn Scotsmen, he has the gift of the gab; and now in his fifties he can look back over a life rich in experience and friends. Even at its dullest the present can be made palatable with a relish of reminiscence. But how was he to find a theme which should give backbone to this book, begotten by official patronage on his sensibility?

I made a list of thirty people to whom, for one reason or another, I felt inclined to give a present. They were of different shapes and sorts, of different age and condition, but with all of them I had some connexion of mutual kindness, and to these thirty, I resolved, I would address myself. . . . Not all of it, I realised, could give equal pleasure to all of them, but for everyone there would be something of particular interest, and the remainder would not feel burdened, if I could help it, by the rest of the tale.

In this unambitious task Mr. Linklater has succeeded admirably. He writes best when leaving his immediate travels, he wanders into reminiscence about people, fishing and shooting. Bewildering in its formlessness, it has the excitement of unexpectedness. To this reviewer the most interesting thing was Mr. Linklater's discovery that the Papuans, a most unattractive race of cannibals, when weaned from the blood feuds and vendettas which made life short and bloody, were faced with appalling boredom. What was to take the place of those months of plotting before each kill, the emotional satisfaction of slaughter and the blow-out of human flesh? Law and order left their lives a horrid blank. 'My visit has not been idle', however, the author thought, 'for now, after some years of uncertainty, I know the political party to which I belong: I am for civilisation'.

Mr. Sansom in *Pleasures Strange and Simple* has collected essays on subjects as diverse as the French nudist colony on the Ile de Levant, Baths, Soho, Insects, Fires and Edgar Allan Poe. He writes very well about everything, with a rich, fanciful prose, sparkling with wit and mounted in keen observation. He enjoys not only the writing, one feels, but also the experiences, whether of travel or research, which precede his putting pen to paper. Each single essay carries its



entertainment: and yet the collection is tantalising. Why, one asks oneself, why did he choose to write that little essay about Copenhagen tunnel which lies to the north of King's Cross? Seeking the answer, one turns to the note of acknowledgements and thanks due to the magazines where these essays first appeared; and the collection gains some of the interest of a parlour game. Some, if not all, of these essays must have been commissioned in the first place. Which went in which? The Edgar Allan Poe appeared surely in *The Atlantic Monthly*, The Baths in My Life in *Lilliput*. But the essay on Jive, would that be *Contact*? *Public Opinion*? *The Leader*? *Help Yourself*? Just as the C.O.I. and the British Council imposed on Mr. Linslater a curiously irrelevant pattern, so Mr. Sansom pipes to the tunes of more than a dozen editors.

Mr. Hanley has got together six autobiographical pieces, which have no connected thread. The first, 'Don Quixote Drowned', the study of a steward with whom he sailed as a boy, is one of the most brilliant pieces he has ever written.

Crawley was a good name for him. He crawled. I remember a morning when he enjoyed himself, and I never liked him after that. Later he drowned. I thought of Crawley today. I was standing at the edge of a dark wood, and deep inside it I could see a man bent and concentrated to his task.

So the story begins—for in its manner it is a story, even if based on real life. It is written in a sort of pugilistic prose, every sentence of which lands beautifully home. It has a mastery, a vigour, a passion which make the two previous authors appear over-civilised and under-powered. For this story alone the book is worthwhile.

Unfortunately the remainder of the volume reads like the work of a different and vastly inferior author. The long 'Anatomy of Llangyllwch' reveals Mr. Hanley as a sweeter, gentler author than one might have suspected, but not as a finer artist. 'A Writer's Day' reveals an exhibitionist chaos which explains perhaps the reason for the inequality of Mr. Hanley's work. And yet tucked away somewhere lurks a genius who, when he manifests himself, is as powerful as anything Aladdin rubbed up with his lamp.

### Indians Overseas. By C. Kondapi. Oxford. 35s.

Compared with the vast literature on emigration from Europe, studies of Asian emigration are very infrequent. Mr. Kondapi's volume on *Indians Overseas* is therefore of considerable interest—especially so because it is systematic and well documented, substantial in itself and yet offering many leads to readers who may wish to study certain aspects in greater detail.

During the past hundred years, rather more than 30 million Indians have sought employment abroad. They did not go on very favourable terms. The movement was stimulated by the abolition of slavery, and Indians went abroad as indentured labourers, or under short-term contracts, too often as a semi-servile substitute for the earlier slaves. It was their labour that was wanted—on the plantations in particular, and in semi-skilled or unskilled work in general. They were not normally regarded as settlers, to be absorbed in a permanent resident population. In the receiving countries they were subjected to a wide range of disabilities, and it is not therefore surprising that, out of a gross movement of some thirty millions, the net migration was not much more than six millions.

It is with the disabilities from which the Indian migrants have suffered that Mr. Kondapi's study is largely concerned. He examines the economic conditions of the Indian worker, the problems of political status, of access

to educational facilities, of the limitations on the right to acquire land or to trade, as well as the social problems provoked by the highly abnormal sex ratio resulting from the specific forms of labour recruitment. The story is hardly an attractive one; but it is important that the full account provided by Mr. Kondapi should be known. At the same time, the present book does not tell the whole story. A more extensive discussion of the possible future role of Indian emigration would be helpful. And those who are interested in problems of assimilation, and in the development of plural societies, would wish to see specific studies of the various Indian communities established in, for example, Burma, Malaya, and Ceylon, and an examination of the special place in the social structure occupied by Indians in East Africa and of the relationships between African, Indian and European in that area. These questions are largely outside the framework of Mr. Kondapi's book. But a second volume by him, dealing with such matters, would certainly be welcome.

### Working With Roosevelt. By Samuel I. Rosenman. Hart-Davis. 21s.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the cause he served enlisted the deepest of loyalties. While some men and women carved careers out of the New Deal, many of the ablest citizens in America gave it the full measure of intellectual and spiritual devotion. Few, however, worked more loyally for Roosevelt than Judge Samuel I. Rosenman. Nothing was too hard. He answered every presidential summons without regard to his family, his career, or his personal preferences. Indeed, he finally resigned his post as a Judge of the New York State Supreme Court—the climax of his professional ambition—at the President's request. Yet he asked neither honours nor offices, and he achieved none of the conventional symbols of power and influence. He could not have chosen a more self-effacing position, for membership on Roosevelt's 'writing teams' was a guarantee of literary anonymity. Nevertheless, Rosenman garnered the richest of rewards. He was Roosevelt's friend. And this friendship—full, intimate, and affectionate—belies the charge that Roosevelt was incapable of genuine friendship. Rosenman, moreover, completely identified with the social objectives of the New Deal, earned continuing satisfactions and a growing sense of creative fulfilment.

Rosenman asked only for the privilege of fighting for democracy. His contribution was as vitally real as it was historically enduring. As an aide to the Chief Executive he was indispensable on every level of White House activity. And his work endures in the administration victories and in the voluminous Roosevelt papers. Success was in part due to the Rosenman personality. But it was likewise the result of Rosenman's clarity of understanding. He understood the nature of democratic leadership, a function he rarely confounded with the personality of the leader. Unlike other New Dealers, he sharply distinguished Roosevelt from the New Deal. If he followed FDR it was because FDR and the New Deal were one. If he worked with the energy of madness during the perilous Roosevelt years, it was because Roosevelt was the symbol of democracy. There is more approbation than censure in these pages, but it is because both men shared a similar economic and political philosophy. Roosevelt had weaknesses of personality and character; Rosenman was aware of them. He constantly met them in and out of crisis, and he does not fail to point them out. He was a devoted follower; he was never devout.

Accordingly, this is one of the most significant accounts of the period. It is certainly the most fascinating. It is history, but it is a history of a special variety of literary craftsmanship. The

multiple authorship of presidential prose has been analysed before but never in such absorbing detail, for the development of the New Deal is portrayed against the background of Roosevelt's speeches. In the process, most of the New Deal personalities—Hopkins, Wallace, Ickes, Jones, Garner—are critically appraised. Here, also, is another version of the Roosevelt-Willkie exchange concerning the realignment of political parties, an attempt which died with its two chief proponents. *Working with Roosevelt* is an historical document as well as a history. It is a welcome addition to the growing body of literature on the most important and most controversial era in recent American history.

### 11, Ironmonger Lane. By Donovan Dawe. The Archaeological Evidence by Adrian Oswald. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

No. 11, Ironmonger Lane, which lies off Cheap-side in the heart of the City of London, needed rebuilding after wartime bombing, so with the encouragement of the owners Mr. Oswald excavated the site in advance of the contractors, while Mr. Dawe wrote a fully documented historical account of it.

The story can be traced back to the beginnings of Roman London by pottery dated to A.D. 40-60. The first sign of a substantial building was the simple mosaic pavement of a third-century house; it was occupied throughout the fourth century, but as usual the upper levels which might reveal the fate of the Roman city had been destroyed by later foundations. Thereafter the historian takes up the tale, providing a detailed background against which the scanty remains of medieval buildings can be set. The earliest mention of 'Ysmonger Lane' is in the thirteenth century, when, strangely enough, there is no evidence of a concentration of ironmongers, though this must surely be the origin of the name. The site was in turn part of the Jewry, the Black Prince's Wardrobe, and, in the sixteenth century, a tavern. From the Great Fire onwards the more plentiful architectural evidence can be directly related to the city merchants who lived and worked there. After being a hotel throughout Victoria's reign the building is now occupied by a firm of accountants.

So under enlightened patronage the story of one site has been pieced together, and its earliest monument, the Roman pavement, preserved. The fruitful collaboration of historian and archaeologist has produced a new kind of book about London; concentration on an apparently narrow subject has illuminated the whole history of the city, economic, social and architectural. The book is well illustrated.

### Stevenage. A Sociological Study of a New Town. By Harold Orlans. Routledge. 30s.

As an American, the author of this study began his researches with the advantage of having a certain detachment which an Englishman writing about the same problems would inevitably have lacked. Mr. Orlans intended in the first place to make a study of a small English community, with particular reference to social stratification. Incidentally, the term 'stratification', with its implication that social classes are almost fossilised in layers, turned out to have rather too much of the truth in it so far as Stevenage was concerned. Once Mr. Orlans had decided upon Stevenage, he had to take into account the New Town. He narrowed the scope of his research to three subjects—social class, local politics, and the New Town. But this was anything but narrow: the three subjects were quite inseparable and were constantly interacting upon one another; the idea of the satellite town, and of planning generally, were subjects of much



party-political and technical argument. Mr. Orlans, then, was engaged in the study of a problem of national, as well as of local, importance.

The officers of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning and the Stevenage Development Corporation gave Mr. Orlans much information: for the rest, he used the usual sources, such as local newspapers and Council records, and conducted many interviews among the local people and the staff of the Development Corporation, on the lines of Mass-Observation to which this book owes an evident debt. On the whole this is a rather depressing story of delay and frustration; and these were not due entirely to economic cuts. The New Town got off to a bad start: there was a long delay before the House of Lords finally upheld the Minister's Order against the appeal of the Stevenage Residents' Protection Association; in effect, this was a fight between Labour and the Tories—the latter

represented mostly by the middle-class ratepayers of Stevenage and by local farmers. However, the division between opponents and proponents of the New Town was more subtle than this, as Mr. Orlans clearly shows, and was related to his proposition that 'Society is a puzzle which can never be completely solved because it is always changing and all the evidence necessary for the solution can never be in hand...'

It does seem clear that, at the start, the Ministry and the Development Corporation did not consult the Stevenage Urban District Council as much as they might have done, and consequently received little co-operation. The Development Corporation in its turn could not execute much of the plan independently of the Ministry who had other government departments to consult. There were also dissensions among the staff of the Development Corporation. In fact, the plan for the New Town was concerned with human beings, and had to be carried out

by human beings through a complex and slow-moving democratic machine ill-suited for the speed and boldness which, ideally, were necessary for the solution of a new and difficult problem.

Some of the ideals accepted by most town-planners can probably not be realised: this applies particularly to a key ideal, that of the 'balanced community'. It is doubtful whether people who differ greatly in incomes, social habits, and interests, will come to mix naturally with one another simply because of their physical proximity. The present class structure of society, accentuated by specialisation in work, cannot be broken down by imposing the planners' pattern on the willing or unwilling planned. Mr. Orlans accepts this in his illuminating study. At most, a satellite town can reduce overcrowding in the big city; the real problem is posed by the kind of living that is developed by an over-industrialisation that shows no signs of coming to its peak.

## New Novels

*The Echoing Grove.* By Rosamond Lehmann. Collins. 12s. 6d.

*Happy for the Child.* By Robin Jenkins. Lehmann. 12s. 6d.

*The Face Beside the Fire.* By Laurens van der Post. Hogarth Press, 12s. 6d.

ROSAMOND LEHMANN'S basic theme, stated, elaborated, wept over and moralised upon, has always been the triangle of love. One man, two women: jealousy, frustration, decay. Miss Lehmann has produced, in a series of fine novels, many different people and many different stories, but in the end she has produced only the one theme, a theme coeval with human life, that of the woman whose love goes bad on her. In this there is nothing uncommon: what is uncommon is Miss Lehmann's sense of the elegiac, of the tears of things, and the magical way she gives expression to that sense. The deserted room, the yellow leaves, the summer that has ended, like youth itself, with the sordid betrayal... the sadness, oh the pity of it, and the iron that enters the soul... It is in her feeling for these things, in the truth of her atmosphere rather than in the hackneyed truth of her themes, that Miss Lehmann's cardinal and, among novelists, unique virtue resides.

This is as true of her latest novel, *The Echoing Grove*, as of its predecessors. The atmosphere is true and it is magically expressed—when it is expressed. For here lies the trouble. Miss Lehmann has given us too much of her theme and too little of her atmosphere. The theme is embodied, on this occasion, in the story of a young man, Rickie, who marries a pretty and adoring, if slightly vapid, wife—Madeleine. All goes well, children appear, Man, so to say, has been domesticated once more—when suddenly he falls in love with his wife's sister, Dinah. She is by way of being blue-stocking, even leftist, but she has some quality both of mind and body for which, to Rickie, there is no substitute. But then so has Madeleine—the children and her claim on his loyalty. And so poor Rickie gets bashed from the one to the other, a squash ball in a court which has the ramparts of Love for walls but the firm lines of domestic convention for markings. Should Dinah hit him below the line, then Madeleine wins the point and picks him up... but only to serve him away once more for Dinah to have her smack. In the end, of course, no one really wins at all. He remains loyal to Madeleine and the children, and yet constantly hankers after Dinah; and in any case he cheats them both by going to bed with another woman five pages before dying of a duodenal ulcer.

This novel is, firstly, one of the most absorbing and technically proficient I have read for years. It is fluent: it is both beautifully and intricately constructed: it is about people and not about faggots: it has real passion in it, as opposed to the popular modern *ersatz* of puppy love combined with lavatory sex: and, whether from the human or the literary point of view, it has superb dignity. There remains one objection. As I have already implied, this book suffers from too much analysis and intellectuality, too much discussion of the theme, and too little of the elegiac quality in which Miss Lehmann excels. Close examination reveals, in fact, that Miss Lehmann is seeking, by excessive explanation and dialectic, to build up some sort of defence mechanism against the sadness and melancholy she was formerly prepared merely to accept and to evoke. She, who has always been an expert on the grimly humorous trap that life sets for us all, is now trying to devise a means of escape. She has devised a very subtle one: but since this particular trap, as we all know, is fool-proof, the exercise she has performed, no matter how distinguished as a feat of art or intellect, is, in the last resort, academic.

The great point about Robin Jenkins' new novel, *Happy for the Child*, is that it flourishes on contrast. And not just the contrast of extremes, of black versus white or virtue versus vice. For, while all the characters are supremely nasty, they are so in the most subtly and amusingly different ways. The hero, John Stirling, is a boy of twelve years and extreme poverty of origin who wins a scholarship to the local academy. Stirling, *in potentia*, has all the nastiness of the left-wing intellectual. He is clever and painstaking: he is also self-centred, virulently snobbish, deceitful, cowardly and mean. He would, in fact, if only ten years older, infallibly have been an embittered journalist in a novel by Maurice Edelman.

An irresistible contrast to Stirling is provided by Sam Gourlay, a squalid little guttersnipe who does not win scholarships and would sell his sleeping mother for a corpse. For Sam, while as indifferent to dirt or knowledge as St. Francis himself, is both brave and, in a way, loyal; and he alternately stones Stirling and shrinks from him because he recognises, with a good healthy instinct, that Stirling is just a little snake.

Above all, though no one can call Sam sensitive, he is oddly appreciative of kindness.

Then there is Stirling's mother, a slattern with a heart of imitation gold, who hates her son's success and works like a slave (out of obstinacy) to ensure its continuance. (My boy's as good as the rest, etc.) She gets firmly snubbed for her pains when her son discovers that she has accidentally taken work as a char in the house of one of his upper-class school-friends. (Mother, how could you, every one will know, Boo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!) Another subtle portrait is that of the boy's sister: she, like her mother, hates his success, but unlike her mother is out to bitch it up—not so much out of spite as because she claims Stirling is vile to their parent, and not so much because of this as because she is greedy for the money that is spent on his school clothes. In short, one would say that by skilful and contrasted use of character this novel is lent distinction and vitality. But it would be unfair to omit the final and most marked contrast of all—the contrast between extreme subtlety of characterisation and extreme sloppiness both of construction and design.

Laurens van der Post's *The Face Beside the Fire* is far better constructed than Mr. Jenkins' novel and far less on the defensive than Miss Lehmann's. What ruins it is its naivety and lack of humour. The story faintly recalls, of all things, Baron Corvo's *Desire and Pursuit of the Whole*; there is the same pretentious and pseudo-Platonic mystique, though not a trace (alas!) of the Baron's trenchancy and hate. It concerns a young South African artist who has considerable 'parent-trouble' but escapes to Europe and seems to be doing well. Unfortunately, however, he meets and marries a woman who reminds him of his mother and to whom, apparently, he feels he owes the reparation for guilt he has not yet rendered his parent. But the guilt only increases, and the result is that he takes to drink. Just as he is tottering through the last stages of brandy and decay, he meets a young woman who has married for reasons comparable to his own (and with as bad an effect): she did so to find alternative satisfaction for her mother-feelings towards her father. It seems that she and the young artist have really been looking for each other all their lives: I can safely say they've both deserved all that they have found.

SIMON RAVEN



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## TELEVISION

### Deep and Shallow

IT IS HARDLY the fault of the television drama department if its production of 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion' has not resulted in traffic congestion at Shaw's Corner. Much of the astringency of the play has evaporated in the fifty years since it was first put on and we have no Ellen Terry to give it life or, for that matter, excuse. You put your ear to the dialogue and it rattles like dried peas in a pod. 'Captain Brassbound: Madam, my men are not children in the nursery. Lady Cicely Waynflete: Captain Brassbound, all men are children in the nursery'. Lady Cicely, commanding, generous, reason-defying, the typical Shaw woman who owes her existence still more explicitly to Schopenhauer, is a manifestation of the life force beyond. Margaret Lockwood's natural range of expression. Artifice caught revealing nuances of temperament and she showed, with considerable fidelity to Shaw's intentions, that the female chin can be a formidable weapon in subduing the senses of men. Shaw insisted also on the aristocratic principle in these dominant women of his, a quality which escaped Margaret Lockwood's interpretation. Let us be fair and agree that hers was a gallant try; that she had her appealing moments. It was asking much of her to make a success of a part written for a more notable talent.

The most satisfying of the performances was David Horne's as Sir Howard Hallam, gesticulating expertly against a background of 'impossible' people and harassing events and constantly and humorously being forced back to the realisation that his is an imperturbable role in life, that of a High Court judge. John Gregson's Brassbound was suitably corrugated; but the casting of the

play was nowhere precisely right except in David Horne.

Shaw's no longer highly amusing melodrama was made to seem even more remote in time and spirit by the repeat performance of 'The Troubled Air' two days later. This was the play about Communist witch-hunting in American radio, a compelling statement of a situation in which the noble and ignoble clash in a drama of fiercely opposed ideals and personalities. The facts of a desperate social malaise were exploited

radio-programme executive who fights back when ordered to sack members of his staff. He was supported by casting no less creditable to the producer, Ian Atkins. One of the most telling of the lesser performances came from Macdonald Parke as Sandler, the drug tycoon whose fanatical intolerance is rooted in the fear of losing what he has lived for, money and power. As the disdainful, economically self-assured Negro radio actor, Gordon Heath was uncomfortably efficient; and Manfred Pokorney,

the Jewish composer, suffering, optimistic, doomed, gave Paul Whitsun-Jones a chance of crystallising his gifts into a memorable small study. Alvys Maben may have been too strident as the well-bred woman intellectual of the Communist Party who is in a mental mess. Hers was not the only voice that seemed to be embroiled in a conflict outside the play's dimensions. Producers should give more thought to voices for television and in particular to the question whether it is better to modify if not renounce a stage convention which allows people in the next room to be shouted about as if they are 100 miles away. 'The Troubled Air' was skilfully translated from sound broadcasting into visual terms by Raymond Byrnes and Alvin Rakoff. That it grappled successfully with the attention of the new audience there can be no doubt.

Whether television can be expected to add lustre to the drama as a province of English literature is a point for debate. The 'ayes' would be unlikely to have it by citing 'The Lake', Dorothy Massingham's study of an only daughter playing out her life's tragedy in a 'you don't understand' atmosphere in which the tensions are generated by a self-righteous mother who, unassailably, knows what is best. 'The Lake' is not deep enough to be good drama, the work of a dramatist living



As seen by the viewer: 'Behold the Man' on April 3—Jesus prays at Gethsemane; (right) Judas Iscariot



The chief priests demand the crucifixion of Jesus; (right) Mary on Calvary  
Photographs: John Cunn

without didactic emphasis or moralising subtleties.

Carrying the main weight of the play on his stooped shoulders, Patrick Barr admirably conveyed its reflective humanitarianism, a convincing performance of the part of a sponsored



'The Troubled Air', March 22: Paul Whitsun-Jones as Manfred Pokorney and Patrick Barr as Clement Archer



'The Lake', televised on March 29: Irene Worth as Stella and Eileen Thorndike as Mildred Surrege



beyond her emotional means. Its merit for television was that it displayed the intelligent acting of Irene Worth.

Theatrically speaking, comedy is not usually combined with credulity. The feat is accomplished by Peter Blackmore in 'Down Came a Blackbird', a lively variation on the Cyrano theme, with a woman wearing the nose. Challenging her peculiar fate with the help of plastic surgery, she converts it into destiny and a happy ending. A jaunty affair, refreshingly bright in dialogue.

'Current Release' wound up its long session with reproachful looks on the face of John Fitzgerald, its compere, who seemed in a hurry to bow to the inevitable and have done with it. The series did little else but labour the obvious truth that the film industry's strongest instinct is to magnify mediocrity.

Good Friday brought us the film morality play, 'Behold The Man', with its reverently mimed presentation of the Christ figure. It was followed on Easter Sunday evening by 'Spark in Judea', R. F. Delderfield's essay in historical perspective which made surprisingly good use of the wide margin for experiment between Anatole France's 'The Procurator of Judea' and 'The Robe' by Lloyd Douglas.

REGINALD POUND

## BROADCAST DRAMA

### As We Like It

IT WAS PLEASANT, for once, to hear the foresters of Arden and not to see them. That to-and-fro under the greenwood tree can be visually tiresome, though we do not now have to meet on the stage the stuffed deer that was once a Stratford-upon-Avon veteran. Sunday's radio revival of 'As You Like It' (Third), recorded by the Stratford cast touring at present in Australia, was brought to the air without too much anxious signposting (Shakespeare usually explains himself). Thus it was assumed at the last when Jaques addressed five different persons in turn, that we knew to whom he spoke.

The revival flashed the comedy forward at a good speed, and it had been cut discreetly. There are passages in 'As You'—Touchstone on Jane Smile, for one—that we can well spare, even if on Sunday I regretted the loss of Rosalind's remark that she had not been so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time when she was an Irish rat. There was no real need to tell us that Celia's gentlewoman was named Hesperia; but to my secret pleasure (for this should always be high in any Shakespeare Quiz) it remained in the text. More important than quibbling about this cut or that, Arden glistened in the imagination with the fresh green of spring. The winter wind whistled bleakly. No matter; spring was close behind: in Barbara Jefford's voice it was ever present. Miss Jefford was, blessedly, a merry Rosalind without Principal Boy heartiness, vocal thigh-slapping. And she never afflicted Arden with a how-now, brown-cow diction that (on some occasions) has made me agree with Duke Frederick's resolve to banish his niece.

Rosalind, then, was in Arden. So, too, were Celia (Charmian Eyre); Orlando (Keith Michell), who sounded manly and likeable, which is much; and Terence Longdon's Oliver, who coped with the snake and the hungry lioness (for which an earlier Stratford Oliver once substituted 'Baroness', with dire effect). We had some appropriate ducal sonority. Anthony Quayle appeared to be skimming over Jaques: no 'Monsieur Melancholy' here, and perhaps rightly: I think we may have lost something by not seeing the actor. Certainly I wanted to see Touchstone: Leo McKern's speaking did not create a character. Adam Wheeled, and Silvius adopted a slow burr that ruined his share

in the chiming quartet. Peter Jackson had our salute for his announcement that Duke Frederick had been converted by an Old Religious Man—probably the only thing Shakespeare could think of when pressed for time. But it was Miss Jefford's night: 'Heavenly Rosalind!'

I cannot remember if the so-called 'learned and judicious' Thomas Rymer spoke of 'As You Like It' in 'A Visitor to Dorset Garden' (Third), the first of Michael Innes' 'Discoveries in Shakespeare'. It was a lively Restoration chat about the sad crudities of the man Shakespeare whose rough ore had to be refined. Dryden, done smoothly by William Fox, had something of a conscience; but, in general, we were asked to mourn the 'terrible pother of low stuff' in 'Macbeth', which Mr. Rymer called a Tyburn tragedy. To this day actors have trouble (they conceal it gallantly) over Macbeth's 'Where got'st thou that goose look?'; in a later line one contemporary Macbeth substitutes 'ghosts' for 'geese'. At Dorset Garden Mr. Betterton, Mr. Dryden, and Mr. Charles D'Avenant, in conference, decided that 'Now, friend! What bodes this change of countenance?' would patch the crack. I am of opinion that Oliver Burt's rumbling Betterton would have got away with anything.

Life in the Regency must have been the richest fun. 'The Corinthian' (Home), derived from a George Heyer novel, took us on a complicated mission from which I recall a diamond necklace, a girl disguised as a boy, and a Beau Wyndham who tied his cravat in the 'Wyndham fall'. We flouted the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world (though I am dubious about the Regency gold). 'Emmanuel' (Home) returned to us James Forsyth's tender Nativity play; 'Peace Comes to Peckham' (Home) was monotonous Cockney comedy; and 'Appy 'Arf 'Our' (Ome), in Bank Holiday humour, defied the thundery rain outside.

J. C. TREWIN

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Cross Purposes

IN DISCUSSING LAST WEEK the 'Encounters of Belief' programme I remarked that the two sides never got to grips because they were speaking different languages—perhaps it would have been nearer to the truth to say that they were shooting at different targets—but it did not occur to me to point out that the same thing was going on in the programme on 'Astrology'. Last week the enquiry 'Is There Anything in It?' was turned on to palmistry and the same state of things prevailed. Like Dr. Hunter before him, Dr. Julian Huxley demanded published statistical data and was fobbed off by Vera Compton, the palmist, with the response that she relied on her own data. As a strictly impartial umpire I must declare that Miss Compton failed to gain a foothold in the territory of science where Dr. Huxley sat securely and a little wearily entrenched. But why try? At one point she claimed that palmistry is not only a science but an art, and there, I felt, she was being altogether too greedy. Why not, on the contrary, have dropped the claim to science and plugged the art for all it was worth?

The word art, if artfully used, can land us in a region of mists in which obstacles insuperable in broad daylight may be craftily circumvented. But when Miss Compton makes uncompromising assertions such as 'the hand is a visible part of the brain', even the simplest of us hold up our little hands and ask: 'Please, Miss, but what does that mean, Miss?' If I were called upon to defend astrology or palmistry I would scorn to claim the support of science. My talk would be all of ancient wisdom, of Magians, Babylonians, Arabians, and the Chinese sages

who practised palmistry 3,000 years before the birth of Christ. Alas, the modern exponents of these venerable arts are sadly unworthy of their high inheritance. However, last week's programme was a much more shipshape affair than the earlier one. Raymond Baxter, who this time was much more in evidence as chairman, gave it an architecture which was noticeably wanting before and Miss Compton acquitted herself more resourcefully in the presence of the enemy forces than the astrologer of the previous week.

'Personal Anthology' is a programme which turns up at long intervals which are, it seems, uncontrolled by stars or calendars or any discoverable mechanism, and it is rare not only in occurrence but also in the sense in which Ben Jonson is rare. In fact, I have yet to hear the 'Personal Anthology' which is not extremely enjoyable. The person last week was Arthur Waley. His introduction of the poems he chose had an agreeably dry tang and he had a couple of superlative readers—Mary O'Farrell and Anthony Jacobs—to broadcast his selection. The psychologist who attempted to deduce the person from the choice of poems would have been faced with a tough problem. George Herbert, John Clare, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Emily Dickinson, the Greek poet Demetrios Capetanakis, Edith Sitwell, and Peter Quennell—what is their common denominator? My arithmetic quails at the question, but there can be no doubt that there is one, otherwise how account for the audible presence of Mr. Waley or for the shapeliness and continuity of the programme?

George Herbert—Mr. Waley's favourite poet, as he told us—is one of the most difficult poets to read aloud. His simplicity of language and complexity of meaning, the strange blend of warm emotion and crabbed pedantry and the baffling way in which the sense and rhythm of the poems hurdle over the line endings impose a formidable test on the reader. Anthony Jacobs passed it superbly, voice and intonation dry and clear, the meaning sharply presented without ever impairing the form of the verse. Like him, Mary O'Farrell reads with a clear, leisurely precision which pays equal respect to verse and meaning and, by careful abstention from the *vox humana* and *tremolo* stops, allows the poem to express its own emotion. A most satisfying broadcast.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

## BROADCAST MUSIC

### For All Tastes

THE MUSIC BROADCAST on Good Friday was nicely apportioned to the various tastes of the B.B.C.'s huge audience. For the connoisseurs of the recondite there was the choral version of Haydn's 'Seven Last Words of Our Saviour on the Cross'; for *l'homme moyen sensuel*, who likes his religion served with emotional sauce, there were two acts of 'Parsifal' in the now familiar and admirable recording made at Bayreuth last year; and for Tom, Dick, and Harry and their families there was that old war-horse of the parish choir, Stainer's 'Crucifixion'. And these things were so spaced in time that the assiduous listener could indulge in all of them. Incidentally, the Midlands preferred the austerities of 'Messiah' Part 2, upon which Sir Adrian Boult had given an illustrated talk in Children's Hour, to the third act of 'Parsifal'.

Let no one sniff at Sir John Stainer, an excellent musician who graduated from a chorister's stall to the organ loft at St. Paul's and became Professor of Music at Oxford. 'The Crucifixion' may contain every musical *cliché* of nineteenth-century harmony, but it contains a good deal else, as well—notably straightforward, easily remembered tunes and choruses that are



## SAFETY-FIRST INVESTMENT

**2½%** per annum

*Income Tax paid by the Society*

**Equal to £4.15.3 per cent. to investors**  
subject to income tax at the standard rate

The current rate of interest on share accounts is 2½%, and on ordinary deposit accounts 2%, with income tax paid by the Society in each case. Sums up to a total holding of £5,000 are accepted for investment in Abbey National. For further particulars apply for a copy of the Society's Investment Booklet.

**Total Assets £153,974,000**

**ABBAY NATIONAL**

BUILDING SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: ABBAY HOUSE, BAKER ST., LONDON, N.W.1

For address of Local Office see Telephone Directory



CVS-295

## Sun-Aire for Tele-viewing

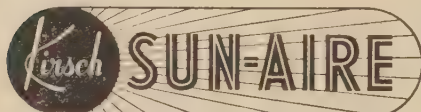


During the summer days, when you need to soften the bright window light for easier Television viewing, *SUN-AIRE* all-metal Venetian Blinds are the answer. They will give you the lower-toned lighting you require—adjustable at a touch—and still permit adequate ventilation.

But this is not the only advantage of *SUN-AIRE*. They protect your furnishings and interior decoration from the effects of strong sunshine; they give you complete control over the volume of light admitted through the

windows; they give you ventilation without draughts; and in the hours when artificial lighting is in use, they reflect back the light into the room and increase the efficiency of the illumination. From the point of view of appearance, they add a new charm to your rooms.

**INSIST ON**



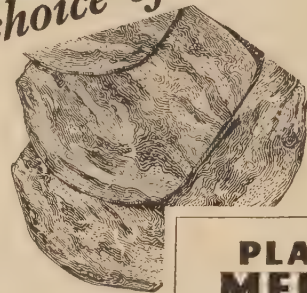
*The Aristocrat  
of Modern  
Venetians*

Write for name of nearest distributor to:  
**HOME FITTINGS (GREAT BRITAIN) LTD, (Dept. 9),**  
TUMBLE, CARMARTHENSHIRE



*In the end... in the natural process of trial and error... you will find and fully appreciate all the good reasons why this tobacco is called...*

*The choice of a lifetime*



**PLAYER'S  
MEDIUM**  
NAVY CUT TOBACCO

[NCT 72]

## CHILD LEFT ALL ALONE AT NIGHT

### N.S.P.C.C. find Mother in Pub

This is a typical report by an N.S.P.C.C. inspector: 'One night a gentleman passing on his way saw a four-year-old boy lying on the pavement under the windows of a public house. A small crowd had gathered, but no one seemed to know the little boy, and all they could get out of him was: "I'm looking for my Mum". Fifteen minutes later the gentleman passed by again. The crowd had dispersed but the little boy was still there, trying to cover himself with a newspaper. The gentleman reported the facts to the Police, who telephoned the Inspector. The Inspector went immediately to the small boy, who was very distressed. He still had the newspaper, trying to cover himself. The Inspector asked the child where his mummy was. He replied, "I don't know". Asked who was looking after him, he replied, "Nobody?"'

### Brother had gone to cinema

'The Inspector went inside the public house but the mother was not there. The landlady told the Inspector in which public house he might find her. After leaving the child in the care of a woman nearby, the Inspector visited several public houses, and located the woman in one quite a distance away. He told her to go and take her child home at once. This she did, and then the Inspector asked for an explanation. The woman said she put the child to bed and went out, leaving him alone. Her 13-year-old boy was playing in the street, and she told him to go home and look after his brother. Instead he went to the cinema. The mother went to the public house. This woman had previously been warned

for leaving the children to go drinking by the Police and the Society. When brought before the magistrates she pleaded guilty and was placed on probation for two years.'

If you know of a child in trouble, do please get in touch with the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Sometimes, as in this case, they are forced to prosecute, but 9 cases out of 10 they settle with practical help and advice. The Society is not nationalised and depends entirely on voluntary gifts. Please send a donation NOW—before you forget—to the N.S.P.C.C., Room 65, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.



exciting to sing without being difficult to master. Moreover, it tells its tragic story in a simple, homely fashion, which is calculated, as Haydn said of his 'Seven Last Words', 'to make the deepest impression on even the least cultivated mind'. No work that has won and kept such popularity over a period of nearly eighty years can be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. Up and down the country you may still see performances of it advertised outside parish churches at this season. It was an excellent idea to give those choristers, whose enthusiasm has not been killed by the 'superior' attractions of broadcast music, a performance which they could take as a model for their own.

The week also brought performances of two great choral masterpieces, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and Verdi's Requiem Mass. Of the

symphony, played by the Hamburg Radio Orchestra under Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, we had a model performance, with everything in its right place, the phrases finely moulded and the climaxes firmly built. In the finale the London Philharmonic Choir sang splendidly, the tenors particularly distinguishing themselves, and the solo quartet was exceptionally well-balanced. The baritone, Kurt Böhme, may be singled out for special praise as the leading voice, and he led with great authority. If on top of all these merits the listeners craved for more excitement, he must indeed be hard to please.

There was plenty of excitement in Sir Malcolm Sargent's two performances (one in public and one in the studio) of Verdi's Requiem. Again, there was good choral singing and the dramatic points of Verdi's wonderful

score were carefully brought out, yet without exaggeration. But this is a work that depends on the solo quartet and the four finest singers in the world are barely good enough to do it full justice. The mezzo-soprano, Fedora Barbieri, sang well and attacked her intervals cleanly, but her voice seems, alas! to be developing a tell-tale wobble. Sara Menkes, the soprano, can produce an ethereal silvery tone, which is exactly right, but she muffed her high B flat in the reprise of the 'Requiem aeternam', on both occasions, out of sheer nervousness, I imagine. The bass, Giulio Neri, has a splendid voice if only he could get it free from his throat, while the tenor's 'Ingemisco' at the public performance was a model of bad phrasing. He did better in the studio, but neither he nor the bass had a trill between them. DYNLEY HUSSEY

## Romantic Melodrama

By ALAN FRANK

Arthur Benjamin's 'A Tale of Two Cities' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 8.0 p.m. on Friday, April 17, at 7.15 p.m. the next day, and at 8.0 p.m. on Monday, April 20

**A** TALE OF TWO CITIES' is Arthur Benjamin's first full-length opera. His two previous stage works, both in one act and lighthearted, were 'The Devil Take Her', which was first given under Sir Thomas Beecham at the Royal College of Music in 1931, and 'Prima Donna', which waited fifteen years for a first performance and then was a deserved success when the London Opera Club produced it in 1949. No small measure of the success of the latter was due to the fact that the brilliance and sparkle of the score is matched by that of its libretto, written by Cedric Cliffe. The same author has provided the book of 'A Tale of Two Cities'. To adapt this novel, with its plots and its many sub-plots, with its coincidences and complexities, cannot have been an easy task. The librettist has rightly been ruthless in thinning it out, omitting entirely several characters and scenes rather than trying to include them all in compressed and emasculated form.

The opera is in three acts, preceded by a longish prologue which is dated 1783 and takes place in the Paris wine-shop kept by the Defarges. Just outside, the insolent Marquis St. Evrémonte in his coach runs over a little boy and the Defarges and their fellow conspirators curse him and his family (the ominous theme that accompanies this curse with its wide ascending intervals of a sixth and a seventh is easily recognisable and of importance throughout the score). Lucie Manette arrives from London to recover her father, Dr. Manette, falsely imprisoned in the Bastille fifteen years before, and now, a broken man, in the care of the Defarges. The prologue ends with a touching duet between Lucie and her father, in which she persuades him to come back to London to seek a new life there.

The first scene of Act I is in Dr. Manette's house in London six years later, the doctor being now restored to health. Lucie announces her engagement to Charles Darnay, the assumed name of St. Evrémonte's son. Sydney Carton, a reprobate barrister, who resembles Darnay in looks but not otherwise, refuses to drink their health, and at the end of the scene has a powerful soliloquy in which he lacerates himself for his wasted life. All subsequent scenes in the opera are set in Paris. In the second scene of this act we are back in the wine-shop after the fall of the Bastille. The mob sing songs of the

revolution—'Ça Ira' and 'Dansons la Carmagnole'; these tunes are given most effectively to the chorus which also has a broad, vigorous, and memorable setting of the words 'The Bastille has fallen, we are the rulers now'. Act II is the trial of Darnay, in which Mme. Defarge reveals her discovery of the story of Dr. Manette's long-past incarceration. The doctor has to admit the truth of this story, which incriminates St. Evrémonte. Thus the doctor is unwillingly a witness, by implication, against the Marquis' son, Darnay, who is sentenced to death. The doctor's mind again becomes clouded and deranged.

The third Act deals in its first scene with the release of Darnay from prison through the intervention of Sydney Carton who, because of their physical resemblance, is able to change places with him, unobserved by authority. At the beginning and end of this scene there occur two extended passages of considerable dramatic intensity for orchestra. The second scene leads up to the guillotining of Carton who is taken until the very last moment to be Darnay. In the final pages Carton sings one of the few practically verbatim quotations from the novel, the well-known: 'It is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done: it is a far, far better rest I go to than I have ever known'. The opera ends as the shadow of the knife rises and every head is turned in the direction of the scaffold.

Dickens' novel is rich in incident, thin in the delineation of character. It is a novel in which adventure and action are uppermost, the love interest being relatively slender. The melodramatic features of the novel were emphasised in the dramatisation, 'The Only Way', which Martin Harvey's performance of Sydney Carton made a popular success. The sub-title of the present opera, 'A Romantic Melodrama', shows a similar emphasis, and again the dominant character is Carton, a schizophrenic before his time. 'Pathetic and heroic', Swinburne described the character, or as Lucie sings of him near the beginning of Act I: 'He is clever and witty and kind, I think, at heart, but at times so strange and wild'. In the novel Dickens writes of 'the cloud of caring for nothing', which constantly enveloped Carton and darkened his life, but we are given no clue as to the cause of his divided personality.

Dr. Manette also suffers from his 'cloud'—

the result, as we do know, of his long incarceration—and indeed he can be regarded in many ways as the centrepiece of the novel. Dickens makes the reader aware of the sense of strain which the doctor undergoes in hiding from everyone his suspicion, and later his knowledge, that Darnay is of the St. Evrémonte family with its horrific associations and its direct connection with the doctor's imprisonment. In the opera there is no mystery about Darnay's identity and the doctor shows no apprehension in welcoming him as his son-in-law. The scope of the doctor's character is deliberately lessened in order to emphasise Carton's. This is but one example of the librettist's simplification of the construction of the novel. The only omission I find questionable is that of the scene, early in the novel, at the Old Bailey, where Darnay is being tried as a spy. Carton, in court as a barrister, casually intervenes, pointing out the resemblance between the prisoner and himself, and the whole case collapses. This coincidental resemblance is thus dramatically established in the reader's mind and prepares him for it to be used again at the climax of the story: Darnay's contrived escape from the prison in Paris. In the opera, lacking the Old Bailey scene, this physical resemblance is perhaps not sufficiently underlined.

'A Tale of Two Cities' is not a recondite opera: one is reminded rather of Verdi's remark, 'I may not be a scholarly composer, but I am a very experienced one'. In this score Benjamin knows his theatre: that is evident in every note. The music has dramatic aptness, pace, and force. The subject gives less opportunity for lyrical writing, though there are gentler passages such as the duet I have mentioned between Lucie and her father, Lucie's song in Act I, Scene 1: 'I think there is not living a happier maid than I', and Charles's address to her from prison in Act III, Scene 1: 'You who have been so dear to me, my truer and better part'. I should be doing composer and librettist no service to suggest that this opera is ideal for radio: on the contrary, it calls for large-scale theatrical production. But the resourcefulness of the music will make its effect even when divorced from the theatre, and the directness of the text will at least enable the listener to follow the work easily and sense a good deal of its theatrical power.



One of the oldest and soundest Societies  
of medium size providing the most attractive  
Investment and Mortgage facilities

THE  
**PLANET**  
BUILDING SOCIETY

ESTABLISHED 1848

NEW RATE OF INTEREST TO ALL INVESTORS

**2 $\frac{3}{4}$ % NET**  
**PER ANNUM**  
**INCOME TAX PAID BY SOCIETY**

Investments may be of any sum from £1 to £5,000.  
Interest paid half-yearly. No charges; no depreciation of Capital; easy withdrawal. *Prospectus sent on request.*

**PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY**

PLANET HOUSE, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.2

# take natural Vitamin C this way

At this time of the year  
when green vegetables  
are short, you can  
obtain essential daily  
supplies of health-  
giving, natural  
Vitamin C from just  
four teaspoonsful of  
Black Currant Puree.



*Delicious with cereals,  
milk puddings, custard, etc.  
Also makes a pleasant  
health-giving drink.*

9 oz. tin 1/6

## CHIVERS black currant puree

Would you believe it?



PEOPLE  
CAN BE  
CRUEL  
TO DOGS  
LIKE  
THIS!

WE ARE LIVING in an era of violence in which animals, being defenceless and unable to bear witness, are too frequently the bewildered victims. The pet you cherish is lucky. A twist of circumstance might have put your dog or cat at the mercy of motiveless brutality. It is the aim of the RSPCA to protect the animals which are unloved. But cruelty by ignorance is equally common. To combat it the Society undertakes the task of teaching owners to care intelligently for their pets, to feed them wisely, to assure their comfort and happiness. If you love animals please help to maintain these campaigns by sending a donation or keeping an RSPCA collection box. Please write to:— The Chief Secretary, (Dept. L), RSPCA, 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

Remember the  
**RSPCA**



It's love at first sight with a BMK! These carpets suit you down to the ground. They're springy—the wool comes from Scotch Blackfaced sheep, and is blended with other fine wools. They're tough—Kilmarnock knows how to weave a carpet. Whatever suits you best—Axminster, Wilton, Chenille, plain or patterned—BMK can oblige. So look for that BMK label!

**Mothproof for-ever!** All BMK carpets and rugs are made permanently mothproof. Even dry-cleaning, washing and wear-and-tear won't affect the mothproofing.

Our carpets  
are a  
sound  
proposal



BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

### HOSTEL FULL!

For thousands of young women, working, training or studying away from home, Y.W.C.A. Hostels offer a comfortable place to live, at reasonable cost, and with friendly companionship. But acute shortage of Hostel accommodation leaves thousands of other young workers and girl students in urgent need of a roof over their heads.

The cost of opening, equipping and extending more Y.W.C.A. Hostels and Clubs is very heavy. For help in its practical Christian work and services to the community the Y.W.C.A. appeals to you.

Please send your donation to:—

**YWCA** | The Hon. Treasurer,  
National Offices,  
Bedford House,  
108, Baker Street,  
London, W.1.

## YORK BOWEN



The Renowned  
Pianist and  
Composer  
ONE OF  
THE MANY  
PIANISTS  
USING

**CHAPPELL  
PIANOS**

CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD.  
50 New Bond Street, London, W.1



## For the Housewife

## Caring for Lingerie

By ALICE HOOPER BECK

STRAPS THAT PULL away from their moorings probably ruin more slips and vests than any other single thing, because they generally pull away some of the material, too. To prevent this ever happening at all one of the best hints I know was given to me years ago by a Frenchwoman who specialises in making beautiful underwear. Before the garment is worn, reinforce the place where the strap joins the garment with a small circle or diamond-shaped piece of strong cotton net in a matching colour. Turn in the raw edges of the little patch very neatly and then hand-stitch it into position so that one half is on the strap and the other on the garment. This is a specially good idea if the slip or vest is trimmed round the top with lace, and if the damage is already done it is still the best, almost invisible mending method I know. But in the latter case make your net patch a little bigger so that the tear is well covered.

We all know the problem elastic can be. Before underwear was streamlined it was just a simple matter of getting a bodkin and running in a new piece through a casing. But not now: when the thin, thread-like kind woven into the actual material gives, you are faced with a useless garment, and it is all the more maddening because it was most probably quite expensive.

Or it may be that other variety of elastic which seems to be positively welded round the waistline of some otherwise well-designed garments. Or the charming gauging that makes a silk or nylon nightgown look so attractive and fit so well. Well, do not despair. You can re-elasti-

cise most garments that have gone at the waist, by hand or on the machine, with elastic thread. But I do advise you to practise using elastic thread on an odd piece of material first, until you get the right tension. In some cases it is easier and, I think, better to make a casing above the top edge of the waistline and go back to the bodkin. A third idea—good for the welded garment—is to use the kind of elastic sold for renovating men's underpants. It is straight on one edge and slightly frilled on the other. The frilled edge is the one you sew and it makes a very neat job.

And by the way, when you are making or mending fine lingerie of any kind, always try to use thread or silk of the same weight, colour, and of the same kind if possible—nylon thread for nylon, silk-rayon thread for rayon, pure silk for pure silk, and so on.

Wash lingerie made of materials such as rayon, milanese, or silk in lukewarm suds, but wash nylon in water just as hot as your hand can bear. Rinse until the water is perfectly clear and then roll the garments tightly in a towel. If any garment needs hanging out to dry—some do not because the material is just at the right stage for ironing after rolling up for half-an-hour or so—be careful with the pegs. Never hang any delicate garment so that it whips away in the wind, straining from the straps or from a lace-trimmed hem. Turn nightgowns and slips inside out and hang them over the line at about the waist. And when you iron lingerie make sure the temperature of the iron is right for the particular material. Many of the synthetic materials,

such as rayon and nylon, can take only moderate heat. When the whole garment is pressed, always refinish details such as lace trimming or embroidery on the wrong side to throw out the design.

—'Woman's Hour'

## Notes on Contributors

WILLIAM CLARK (page 587): on editorial staff of *The Observer*

KENNETH BRADLEY (page 588): Under-Secretary Gold Coast 1946-1948; Information Officer, 1939-1942, and District Officer, 1926-1939 in Northern Rhodesia

NORMAN MACKENZIE (page 593): on editorial staff of the *New Statesman and Nation*

ERNEST SIMMONS (page 595): Chairman of the Department of Slavic Languages and Professor of Russian Literature, Russian Institute, Columbia University since 1946; author of *Leo Tolstoy, Dostoevsky—The Making of a Novelist, Pushkin*, etc.

WILMARTH SHELTON LEWIS, Litt.D. (page 597): Editor, Yale edition of Horace Walpole's correspondence of which sixteen volumes so far have been published.

NORMAN COLLINS (page 598): author of *London Belongs to Me, Children of the Archbishop*, etc.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL (page 602): author of *The Magic of My Youth, A Man Reprieved, Pie in the Sky*, etc.

## Crossword No. 1,197.

## Limited Objectives.

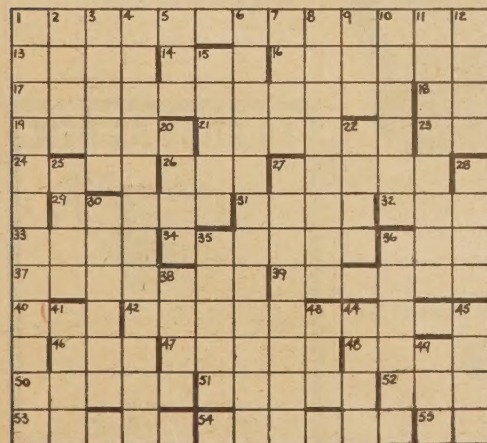
By Wray

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, April 16

This problem is built from 10 letters each of which (with repetitions) is contained in each of the words 1A, 17, and 4 (which are unclued). Some clues are ordinary, but the majority lead to words having letters to the numbers first entered in the brackets (A). From these words letters (other than the ten) to the number entered second in the brackets (B) are to be deleted. The remaining letters are then to be arranged, if necessary, to form words making the lights of A minus B letters:

e.g., 'HEAD OF A STATE' (6-1)=  
STALIN MINUS L=SAINT OR STAIN



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

## CLUES—ACROSS

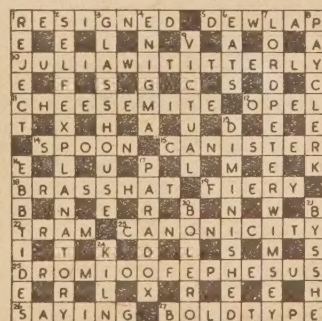
13. Epithet for a hussy (7-3).
- 14 and 12D. A concrete blending of two architectural orders (9-2).
16. Official formulas (8-2).
- 18B and 23. Historical novelist (6-2).
19. Sister of Helios and Eos (6-1).
21. Whence the besieged could emerge (9-3).
24. Superlatively bad (5-1).
26. extort (5-2).
- 27B. Nous (8-3).
29. Extravagant (7-2).
31. 'A little — and therein a little bin' (Herrick) (7-3).
32. Hostile (5-2).
- 33B. Arms sometimes are (6-2).
34. Sap (9-3).
36. Burchell's, perhaps (5-2).
37. Form of liquid hydrocarbons (7).
39. Lamentations (7-1).
- 40B. 'Doth inherit the — Hall of Death' (Arnold) (5-2).
42. Change a letter in a keen supporter and muddle him to get the opposite (10).
46. A covering membrane (5-2).
- 47B. He comes from a S. American State (8-3).
48. e.g. Nutmegs (5-1).
- 50B. French historian (5).
- 51B. He's supposed to know all about his subjects (6-1).
52. Tilt (5-2).
53. Describes Mrs. Caudle (7-2).
- 54B. Soft soaps (8-2).
55. A dotty sort of accent (6-4).

## DOWN

1. Describes the County Hall as seen from Big Ben (12).
2. q.s. (6-2).
3. The fly that sips it is lost in the sweets, said Gray (7-2).
- 5U. Music played for by Parliamentary Opposition (5-3).
6. He's found at places like Newmarket (12).
7. Decline (5-1).
8. Adversary (8).
- 9U. Sounds a suitable flower for a shepherd's garden (5-2).
10. Soldier whose body was exhumed and hanged at Tyburn (6).

11. Public operations can lead to openings (9-1).
12. See 14A.
15. '— of boys ..... just four foot ten' (Barham) (7-2).
20. In divided form an 'illusive' value seen on some foreign stamps (6-2).
22. A principle of honest faith (6-2).
25. Here Polycrates was tyrant (5-1).
27. Change two letters in a footway and rearrange for a kind of noun (8).
28. On this hill Ainsworth located the witches (6-2).
30. To leave one's wine thus is distasteful (8-2).
- 35U. A small stream (5).
36. They are concerned with matters of conscience (8-2).
- 38U. Indulgence (5-1).
- 41U. Something like a waterfall (6-2).
43. Capital in the east (5-2).
- 44U. 'Amid the corn — by the golden light' (Hood) (7-3).
45. Roman tortoise (7-3).
49. Boisterous dance (5-2).

## Solution of No. 1,195



## NOTES

1D. Oedipus Tyrannus, Sr. G. Young. 9D. The Fair Maid I. 2. 10A. Nicholas Nickleby. 11A. Lee Masters' Spoon River Anthology. 16D. David Copperfield, Ch. 3. 19A. Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' Novello's Edn., p. 182. 'A fiery chariot with fiery horses' 20D. The Gondoliers. 25A. Comedy of Errors.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: S. M. Barker (Sheffield); 2nd prize: M. J. Dawney (Hornchurch); 3rd prize: E. L. Hillman (London, W.5).



## Study at Home for a DEGREE!

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without going "into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases two). You can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. Wolsey Hall Courses have enabled thousands of men and women to attain Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. Write for **PROSPECTUS** to C. D. PARKER, M.A., LL.D., Dept. FESS.

**WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD**

## Short Story Writing

Short story writing is the ideal hobby. Learn the essential technique by post—how to get plots, how to construct, how to characterise, and how and where to sell MSS.

Post this advertisement (enclosing a 2d. stamp) to The Regent Institute (Dept. LJ/12), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for "Stories That Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and "How to Succeed as a Writer" (the prospectus). There is no obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

## FREE A VALUABLE BOOK

which details the Training offered by E.M.I. Institutes—the only Postal College which is part of a world-wide Industrial Organisation. Our Home Study courses include Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Commercial Salesmanship, Office Organisation, Book-keeping, Journalism, Business Management, Economics, Civil Service. E.M.I. INSTITUTES, associated with H.M.V., MARCONIPHON, COLUMBIA, etc.

POST NOW TO: E.M.I. INSTITUTES, Dept. 183, 43 Grove Park Road, London, W.4. Please send free book.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

ICIOD

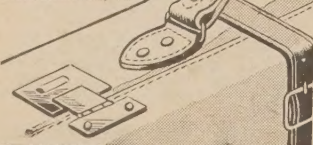
## C.H.A. HOLIDAYS

give an extra measure of Rest and Pleasure

Costa Brava £35; The Valaisian Alps £32; Moselle and Rhine £30.10s.; Slovenia £30; Dolomites £34.15s.; Lake Garda and Venice £38.10s.—all fortnight holidays with excursions included—are a few of our 40 continental centres, and there are nearly 30 more at home.

**C.H.A.** (Dept. E)

Birch Heys  
MANCHESTER, 14



## YOUR PEN CAN PAY for YOUR HOLIDAY!

Your holiday this year, next year and all the years to come can provide unlimited material for articles and short stories. Once you learn the art you can always make money.

The London School of Journalism has had over 30 years of unbroken leadership throughout the world in training writers by post. It is the quality of the personal instruction that makes the difference between success and failure, the quality that caused "Truth" to say: "The LSJ claims less and achieves more."

The School is under the patronage of the Rt. Hon. Lord Camrose, Sir Frank Newnes, Bt., Sir Ernest Benn, Bt., Sir Philip Gibbs, K.B.F., Sir Newman Flower, Dr. C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Litt.

If you feel that you have a bent for writing, you should write to the School for advice. As a preliminary you should obtain the free book "Writing for the Press" which gives full details of the methods which have enabled many thousands of people all over the world to profit from their writing. The fees are low, advice is free—and there is no time limit.

If you have a MS. send it with your letter addressed to:

Chief Secretary, **LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM**  
57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. MUSeum 4574

"There are LSJ students all over the world"

## IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1939

Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty The Queen

President—The Rt. Hon. the EARL of HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.

Chairman of the Council—Professor H. R. DEAN, M.D., F.R.C.P.

Hon. Treasurer—Mr. DICKSON WRIGHT, F.R.C.S.

Director—Dr. JAMES CRAIGIE, O.B.E., F.R.S.

The Fund was founded in 1902 under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England and is governed by representatives of many medical and scientific institutions. It is a centre for research and information on Cancer and carries on continuous and systematic investigations in up-to-date laboratories at Mill Hill. Our knowledge has so increased that the disease is now curable in ever greater numbers.

### LEGACIES, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS

are urgently needed for the maintenance and extension of our work.

Subscriptions should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Dickson Wright, F.R.C.S., at Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

## Encyclopaedia Britannica

... indisputably the world's greatest work of reference

Encyclopaedia Britannica brings the sum total of the world's knowledge into your home—knowledge which in Britannica comes to you in over 40,000 articles. No encyclopaedia in the world can even approach Britannica in size or scope. To make Britannica easy for YOU to own there is the monthly subscription plan.

**SPECIAL CORONATION BINDING.** A limited edition of Britannica will be available in a magnificent Coronation binding, in keeping with the momentous Royal occasion. The coupon below will bring you advance details of this unique publishing event.

## Encyclopaedia Britannica

**POST THIS COUPON TODAY**

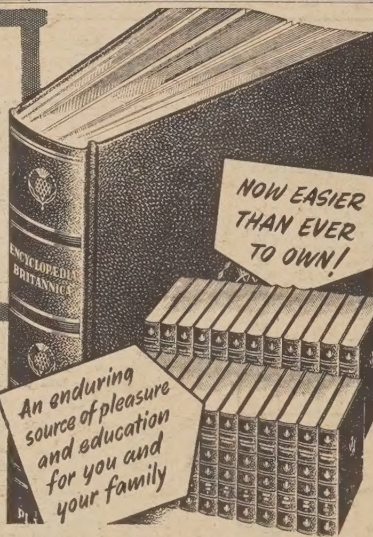
Encyclopaedia Britannica Ltd., (Dept. L9) 102 Dean St., London, W.1

Name.....

Address.....

County.....

Please let me have complete details of the latest Encyclopaedia Britannica, including particulars of the Coronation Binding. Supplementary Services and the subscription methods of payment.



## London University DEGREES—open to all

A Degree of the University of London can be taken without residence or attendance at lectures. U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students by post for the relative examinations (two only are required under certain conditions) for Degrees in Arts, Science, Economics, Laws, Divinity, Music, etc. Highly qualified specialist Tutors. Moderate fees, payable by instalments if desired.

From 1920-1951 more than **34,000** U.C.C. students PASSED London University exams.

★ **PROSPECTUS** post free from the Registrar,



**UNIVERSITY**  
**CORRESPONDENCE**  
**COLLEGE**

56 Burlington House, Cambridge

## LANGUAGE PROBLEM SOLVED

THE problem of learning a Foreign Language in half the usual time has been solved. The Pelman method is enabling thousands of men and women to learn languages without translation. By the Pelman method you learn French in French, German in German, Spanish in Spanish, and Italian in Italian. English is not used at all.

Specially reduced fees for serving and ex-Servicemen members of H.M. Forces.

The method is explained in four little books, one for each language. Write for the book that interests you and it will be sent you by return together with a specimen lesson, gratis and post free.

—POST THIS COUPON TODAY—

To the Pelman Languages Institute, 82, Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore Street, London, W.1

Please send details of Pelman method of learning—French, German, Spanish, Italian. (Cross out three of these)

Name.....

Address.....

## SUMMER SCHOOL OF MUSIC

(Bryanston 1949-52)

Director of Music: WILLIAM GLOCK

**AUGUST 1 to 29, 1953**  
**DARTINGTON HALL, DEVON**

An ideal holiday for music-lovers of all kinds

Artists include:

FISCHER-DIESKAU  
GEORGES ENESCO  
VEGH QUARTET  
AMADEUS QUARTET  
NEDERLANDS KAMERKOOR  
KALMAR ORCHESTRA

Send 2d. stamp for Illustrated Prospectus to Sec., John Amis, 29a Holland Villas Road, London, W.14

## AS GOOD AS NEW



Send to us your old silverware—Teapots, Spoons, Forks, Entree Dishes, etc. No matter what condition they are in, we will return them to you "As good as new." We electro-plate, stainless chrome plate and repair at small cost.

Free price list gladly sent on request.

**JAMES ALLEN & CO** ESTD 1900

Dept. "VICTORIA WORKS"

VICTORIA STREET, SHEFFIELD 3

Only Old Sheffield Craftsmen Employed